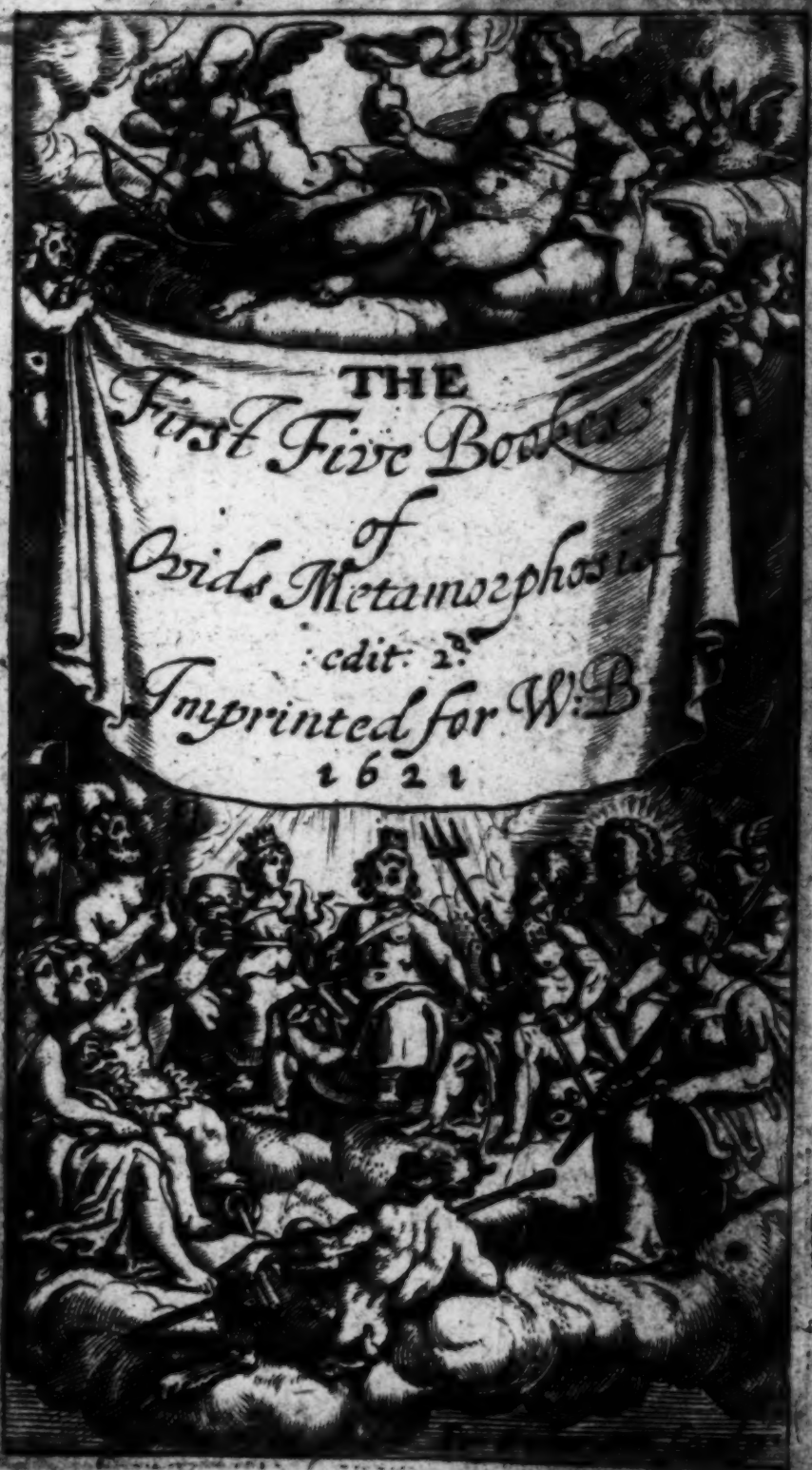

THE
First Five Bookes
of
Ovids Metamorphosis
Edit. 2.
Imprinted for W. B.
1621

OVID DEFENDED.

SInce diuers, onely witty in reprooving, haue profaned our Poet with their faſtidious cenſures: wee, to vindicate his worth and preuent preiudicacy, haue here reuiued a fewe of thoſe infinite teſtimonies which the cleereſt iudgements of all Ages haue giuen him. And, in that the traduced may with modeſty enough report their owne merits, I will firſt begin with

a OVID's SELFE-CENSVRE.

Now haue I ended, vvhat the Thunders rage,
Nor fire, nor ſteele ſhall raze, nor eating Age.
Come vvhen it vvil my death's vncertayn houre;
Which o're this body onely hath a powre.
Yet ſhall my better part tranſcend the skie:
And my immortall Name ſhall neuer die.
For, vvhereſoe're the *Roman* Egles ſpred
Their conquering vvings, I ſhall of all be read.
And, if vve Prophets true preſages giue;
I, in my fame, eternally ſhall liue.

A prediction already confirmed by many luſtres of Ages. Heare we now that accurate Orator,

b MARCVS ANNÆVS SENECA,

One of his frequent and admiring Auditors

NASO had a conſtant, becomming, and

amiable wit. His Proſe appeared no other then diſſolued Verſes. *And a little after.* Of his words no Prodigall, except in his Verſe: wherein, hee vvas not ignorant of the fault, but affected it: and often would ſay, that a Mole miſſe-became not a face, but made it more louely. *Amongſt the excellent of his time, we may eſteem*

c VELLEIVS PATERCVLVS:

Who writeth thus in wis hiſtorie. It is almoſt a folly, to number the wits that are euer in our eyes. Amongſt theſe, of our Age the moſt eminent are, *Virgil* the Prince of Verſe, *Rabirius*, *Liuie* imitating *Saluſt*, *Tibullus*, and NASO in the forme of his abſolute Poem. *Nor doth*

d LVCIVS ANNÆVS SENECA

degenerate from his Fathers opinion: who to that Verſe, by him thus diſſolued, The Rocks appeare like Ilands, and augment the diſperſed *Ciclades, annext this*, as ſaith the wittieſt of all Poets. *A conſtant Imitator of his, throughout all his Philoſophie; but eſpecially in his Tragedies. Whereupon, not a fewe haue conieclured that* Seneca's Medea *belongeth to* OVID. *Whereof*

QVIN-

thus censures. OVID's *Medea* seemeth to mee to expresse how much that man could haue perform'd, if hee rather would haue restrayned then cherished his inuention. *And*

f CORNELIVS TACITVS.

Neither is there any composition of *Asinius*, or *Massala* so illustrious, as OVID's *Medea. The witty*

g MARTIAL

for the most part links him to incomparable Virgil: as, in this Epigram:

You'r mad! all those, whom you so ragged see,
No worse then OVID's selfe, or *Virgil* bee.

And in that to h Instantius.

Would you adde spirit to my fainting Muse,
And read immortall Verses? loue infuse.
Me, *Mantua*; SVLMO me should stile diuine;
Were but *Alexis*, or CORINNA mine.

Recorded by

i STATIVS PAMPINIVS,

amongst the best Poets.

That honoured Day the old *Callimachus*,
Philetas, *Umbrian Propertius*,
Prepare to celebrate with one consent;
And NASO, chearfull, though in banishment,
With rich *Tibullus*.

Nor is hee onely approued by profane Authors. Thus learned

k LACTANTIVS:

OVID, in the beginning of his excellent Poem, confeſſeth that God (not diſguizing his Name) ordayned the World: who calls him the Creator thereof, and Maker of all things. *In the following booke.* Which that ingenious Poet hath admirably deſcribed. *And*

l S. HIEROME.

Semiramis, of whom they report many wonders, erected the walls of *Babylon*; as teſtifies that renowned Poet in the fourth booke of his Metamorphoſis, &c. *Neither is he forgotten by*

m S. AAGVSTINE.

And NASO, that excellent Poet. *Now deſcend wee to thoſe whom later times haue preferred for learning and iudgement. Thus ſings the high-prays'd*

n ANGELVS POLITIANVS.

'Tis doubtfull, whether he whom SVLMO bore,
The World commanding *Tyber* honour'd more,
Then his foule exile thee defam'd, ô *Rome*!
Whom *Getick* ſands (alas!) but halfe-intombe.
Perhaps obſerued by *Auguſtus* Spyes
To looke on IVLIA with too friendly eyes.

crowne's

crownes him with the perfection of eloquence; and calls him, The *Cicero* of Poets. *Neither is his fluencie iustly condemned: for, Poetrie, and not Oratorie, should flowe; if wee credit the iudgement of* Tasso, *agreeing with* OVID's: *who neuer vsed a superfluous word in his pleadings: as is alleaged out of* Seneca. *The Censurer of all Poets,*

p IVLIVS CÆSAR SCALIGER,

thus writes when hee comes to censure our Author. But now wee arriue where the height of wit, and sharpnesse of iudgement, are both to be exerciz'd. For, who can commend OVID sufficiently? much lesse, who dares reprehend him? Notwithstanding, I will say something; not in way of detraction, but that wee also may be able to growe with his greatnesse. *Then speaking of his Metamorphosis.* Bookes deseruing a more fortunate Author; that from his last hand they might haue had their perfection: which he himselfe bewayleth in luculent Verses. Yet are there, in these, well-nigh an infinite number, which the wit of an other, I beleeue, could neuer haue equall'd. ¶ *And thus*

in

in the perſon of OVID *hee exclaymes againſt* Cæſar.

Tyrant, vvith me I vvould thou hadſt begun:
Nor thy black ſlaughters had my Fate fore-run.
If my licentious Youth incenſt thee ſo;
Thy owne condemns thee: into exile goe.
Thy Cabinets are ſtayn'd vvith horrid deeds:
And thy foule guilt all monſtrous names exceeds.
Diuine vvit, innocence, nor yet my tongue,
Next to *Apollo's*, could preuent my vvrong.
I ſmooth'd th'old Poets vvith my fluent vaine;
And taught the New a far more numerous ſtraine.
When thee I prais'd, then from the truth I ſweru'd;
And baniſhment for that alone deſeru'd.

r STEPHANVS

in his Preface before Horace. NASO, in his Metamorphoſis, may well be called the Poet of Painters; in that thoſe witty deſcriptions afford ſuch liuely paterns for their pen-ſils to imitate. *I muſt not omit this teſtimonie of the learned*

ſ ANTONIVS MVRETVS.

The Metamorphoſis, a diuine Poem; ſhining through-out, with all the luſtres of conceit and eloquence. *Nor this of*

t HERCVLES CIOFANVS;

in that a Citizen of SVLMO. A witty worke, repleat with ſolid and manifold learning.

Who

Who peruſe it diligently, ſhall find ſuch admirable fluency, ſuch fulnes, ſo great a grauitie of words and ſentences; that few or none amongſt the Latin Poets can bee ſaid to tranſcend him. What ſhould I ſay of that ſingular, and well-nigh diuine contexture of Fable with Fable? ſo ſurpaſſing, that nothing can be ſpoken or done, more artificially, more excellently; or, indeede, more gracefully. Who handling ſuch diuerſitie of matter, ſo cunningly weaues them together, that all appeare but one Series. *Planudes*, well knowing that Greece had not a Poem ſo abounding with delight and beautie, tranſlated it into that language. What ſhould I ſay more? All Arts, which Antiquitie knew, are here ſo fully delineated, that a number, expert in both tongues, of prime vnderſtanding and iudgements, admire it beyond all expreſſion. *The firſt, that writ a Commentarie on this booke (whereof fifty thouſand were vented, and that in his life time) was*

RAPHAEL REGIVS:

who thus in his Preface. There is nothing appertayning to the knowledge and glorie of warre, whereof we haue not famous exam-

ples

ples in the Metamorphosis of OVID; (not to speake of stratagems, nor the Orations of Commanders) described with such efficacy and eloquence, that often, in reading, you will imagine your selfe imbroiled in their conflicts. Neither shall you finde any Author, from whom, a ciuill life may gather better instructions, &c. *But to conclude with*

u IACOBVS MICYLLVS.

Hardly shall you find a Poem, which flowes with greater facilitie. For what should I speake of Learning? Herein, so great, so various, and abstruse; that many places haue neither beene explaned, nor yet vnderstood; no, not by the most knowing: requiring rather a resolution from the *Delian* Oracle, &c.

Let the ingenuous, that affect not error, now rectifie their owne by the iudgements of these. But, incurable Criticks, who warre about words, and gall the sound to feed on their sores; as not desiring their sanitie, I forbeare to dissuade; and deliuer them vp to the censure of

Agrippa.

OVID's

METAMORPHOSIS.

The first Booke.

ARGVMENT.

The World, form'd out of Chaos. *Man is made.*
The Ages change. The Giants Heauen inuade.
Earth turns their blood to men. Ioue's *flames confound*
Lycaon, *now a Wolfe. The World is drown'd.*
Man-kind, cast stones re-store. All quickning Earth
Renews the rest, and giues new Monsters birth.
Apollo, Python *kills; hart-wounded, loues*
Lust-flying Daphnè: *Shee a Laurel proues.*
Ioue, Iò *made a Cow, to maske foule deeds.*
Hermes, *a Heardsman.* Syrinx, *chang'd to Reeds.*
Dead Argus *eyes adorn the Peacock's traine.*
The Cow, to Iò, Ioue *transform'd againe.*

OF formes, to other bodies chang'd, I sing.
Assist, you gods (from you these wōders spring.)
And, from the Worlds first fabrick to these times,
Deduce my neuer discontinued Rymes.
The Sea, the Earth, al-couering Heauen vnfram'd,
One face had Nature, which they *Chaos* nam'd:
An vndigested lump; a barren load,
Where jarring seeds of things ill-ioyn'd aboad.
No *Titan* yet the World with light adornes;
Nor waxing *Phœbi* fill'd her waned hornes:

Nor hung the ſelf-poiz'd Earth in thin Ayre plac't;
Nor *Amphitrite* the vaſt ſhore imbrac't.
With Earth was Ayre and Sea: the Earth vnſtable,
The Ayre was darke, the Sea vn-nauigable:
No certayne forme to any one aſſign'd:
This, that reſiſts. For, in one body ioyn'd,
The Cold and Hot, the Drie and Humid fight:
The Soft and Hard, the Heauy with the Light.
But God, the better Nature, this decides:
Who Earth from Heauen, the Sea frō Earth diuides;
And purer Heauen extracts from groſſer Ayre.
All which vnfolded by his prudent care
From that blind Maſſe; the happily diſioyn'd
With ſtrifeleſſe peace he to their ſeats contin'd.
Forth-with vp-ſprung the quick & waightleſſe Fire,
Whoſe flames vnto the higheſt Arch aſpire:
The next, in leuitie and place, is Ayre:
Groſſe Elements to thicker Earth repayre
Self-clog'd with waight: the Waters, flowing round,
Poſſeſſe the laſt, and ſolid *Tellus* bound.
What God ſoeuer this diuiſion wrought,
And euery part to due proportion brought;
Firſt, leſt the Earth vnequall ſhould appeare,
He turn'd it round, in figure of a Sphere;
Then, Seas diffus'd; commanding them to rore
With ruffling Winds, and giue the Land a ſhore.
To thoſe he addeth Springs, Ponds, Lakes immenſe;
And Riuers, whom their winding borders fenſe.
Of theſe, not few Earth's thirſtie jaws deuour:
The reſt, their ſtreames into the Ocean powr;
When, in that liquid Plaine, with freer waue,
The ſomy Cliffs, in ſtead of Banks, they laue;

Bids

Bids Trees increaſe to Woods, the Plaines extend,
The rocky Mountaynes riſe, and Vales deſcend.
Two equall Zones, on either ſide, diſpoſe
The meaſur'd Heauens: a fift, more hot then thoſe.
As many Lines th'included Globe diuide:
I'th' midſt vnſufferable beames reſide;
Snow clothes the other two: the temperate hold
'Twixt theſe their ſeats, the heat wel mixt with cold.
As Earth, as Water, vpper Ayre out-waighs;
So much doth Ayre Fires lighter balance raiſe.
There, he commands the changing Clouds to ſtray:
There, thundering terrors mortall mindes diſmay;
And with the Lightning, Winds ingendring Snow;
Yet not permitted euery way to blow;
Who hardly now ro teare the World refraine
(So Brothers jarre!) though they diuided raigne.
To *Perſia* and *Sabea*, *Eurus* flies;
Whoſe fruits perfume the bluſhing Mornes vp-riſe
Next to the Euening, and the Coaſt that glowes
With ſetting *Phœbus*, flowry Zeph'rus blowes.
In Scythia horrid *Boreas* holds his raigne,
Ieneath *Bootes* and the frozen Waine:
The Land to this oppos'd, doth *Auſter* ſteep
With fruitfull ſhowrs, and clouds which euer weep.
Aboue all theſe he plac't the liquid Skies;
Which, void of earthly dregs, did higheſt riſe.
Scarce had he all thus orderly diſpos'd;
When-as the Starres their radiant heads diſclos'd
(Long hid in Night) and ſhone through all the skie.
Then, that no place ſhould vnpoſſeſſedly lie,
Bright Conſtellations, and fair figured Gods,
In heauenly Manſions fixt their bleſt abodes:

The glittering Fiſhes to the Floods repayre;
The Beaſts to Earth, the Birds reſort to Ayre.
The nobler Creature, with a Minde poſſeſt,
Was wanting yet, that ſhould command the reſt.
That Maker, the beſt World's originall.
Either Him fram'd of ſeed Cœleſtiall,
Or Earth, which late he did from Heauen diuide,
Some ſacred ſeeds retayn'd, to Heauen ally'd:
Which with the liuing ſtreame *Prometheus* mixt;
And in that artificiall ſtructure fixt
The forme of all th'all-ruling Deities.
And where as others ſee with downe-caſt eyes,
He with a loftie looke did Man indue;
And bade him Heauens tranſcendent glories view.
So, that rude Clay, which had no forme afore,
Thus chang'd, of men the vnknowne figure bore.
The *Golden Age* was firſt; which vncompeld,
And without rule, in Faith and Truth exceld.
As then, there was nor puniſhment, nor feare;
Nor threatning Lawes in braſſe preſcribed were;
Nor ſuppliant crouching pris'ners ſhooke to ſee
Their angrie Iudge: but, all was ſafe and free.
To viſit other Worlds, no wounded Pine
Did yet from Hills to faithleſſe Seas decline.
Then, vnambitious Mortals knew no more
But their owne Countrie's Nature-bounded ſhore.
Nor Swords, nor Arms were yet: no trenches round
Beſieged Towns, nor ſtrifefull Trumpets ſound:
The Souldier, of no vſe. In firme content
And harmleſſe eaſe, their happy dayes were ſpent.
The yet-free Earth did of her owne accord
(Vntorne with ploughs) all ſorts of fruit afford.

Content

Content with Natures vn-enforced food,
They gather Wildings, Strawb'ries of the Wood,
Sowre cornels, what vpon the Bramble growes,
And Acorns, which *Ioue's* ſpreading Oke beſtowes.
'Twas alwayes Spring: warm *Zephyrus* ſweetly blew
On ſmiling Flowres, which without ſetting grew.
Forth-with the Earth corne, vnmanured, beares,
And euery yeare renews her golden Eares,
With Milke and Nectar were the Riuers fill'd;
And yellow Hony from greene Elms diſtill'd.

But, after *Saturne* was throwne downe to Hell,
Ioue rul'd; and then the *Siluer Age* befell:
More baſe then Gold, & yet then Braſſe more pure.
Ioue chang'd the Spring (which alwayes did indure)
To Winter, Summer, Autumne hot and cold:
The ſhortned Springs the years fourth-part vphold.
Then, firſt the glowing Ayre with feruor burn'd:
The Raine to ycicles by bleake winds turn'd.
Men houſes built; late hous'd in Caues profound,
In plaſhed Bowres, and ſheds with Oſiers bound.
Then, firſt was Corne into long furrowes throwne:
And Oxen vnder heauie yokes did grone.

Next vnto this ſucceeds the *Brazen Age*;
Worſe natur'd, prompt to horrid warre, and rage:
But yet not wicked. Stubborne *Yr'n* the laſt.
Then, bluſhleſſe Crimes, which all degrees ſurpaſt,
The World ſurround. Shame, Truth, & Faith depart.
Fraud enters, ignorant in no bad Art;
Force, Treaſon, & the wicked loue of gayn. (ſtrayn
Their ſailes, thoſe windes, which yet they knew not,
And ſhips, which long on loftie Mountaynes ſtood,
Then plow'd th'vnpractiz'd boſom of the Flood.

The Ground, as common earſt as Light, or Aire,
By limit-giuing Geometrie they ſhare.
Nor with rich Earth's iuſt nouriſhments content,
For treaſure they her ſecret entrailes rent;
The powerfull Euill, which all powrs inuades,
By her well hid, and wrapt in *Stygian* ſhades.
Curſt ſteel, more curſed gold ſhe now forth brought:
And bloody-handed Warre, who with both fought.
All liue by ſpoile. The Hoſt his Gueſt betrayes;
Sons, Father-in-laws: 'twixt Brethren loue decayes.
Wiues husbands, husbands vviues attempt to kill:
And cruell Step-mothers pale poyſons fill.
The Sonne his Fathers, haſtie death deſires:
Foild Pietie, trod vnder foor, expires.
Aſtræa, laſt of all the heauenly birth.
Affrighted leaues the blood-defiled Earth.
And that the Heauens their ſafetie might ſuſpect,
The Giants now cœleſtiall Thrones affect;
Who to the skies congeſted Mountaynes reare.
Then *Ioue* with thunder did *Olympus* teare;
Steep *Pelion* from vnder *Oſſa* throwne. (grone;
With their owne vvaight their monſtrous bodies
And with their Childrens blood the Earth imbru'd:
Which ſhee, ſcarce throughly cold, with life indu'd;
And gaue thereto, to vphold her Stocke, the face
And forme of Man; a God-contemning Race,
Greedie of ſlaughter, not to be withſtood;
Such, as well ſhews, that they were borne of blood.
Which when from Heauen *Saturnius* did behold;
He ſigh't; revoluing what was yet vntold,
Of fell *Lycaon's* late inhumane feaſt.
Iuſt anger, worthy *Ioue*, inflam'd his breſt.

A Synod call'd, the ſummoned appeare.
There is a way, vvell ſeene when ſkies be cleare,
The *Milkie* nam'd: by this, the Gods reſort
Vnto the Almighrie Thunderers high Court.
With euer-open dores, on either hand,
Of nobler Deities the Houſes ſtand:
The Vulgar dwell diſperſt: the Chiefe and Great
In front of all, their ſhining Manſions ſeat.
This glorious Roofe I would not doubt to call,
Had I but boldnes lent me, Heauen's *White-hall*.
All, ſet on Marble ſeats; He, leaning on
His Iuory Scepter, in a higher Throne,
Did twice or thrice his dreadfull Treſſes ſhake:
The Earth, the Sea, the Stars (though fixed) quake;
Then thus, inflam'd vvith indignation, ſpake:
I vvas not more perplext in that ſad Time,
For this Worlds Monarchie, when, bold to clime,
The Serpent footed Giants durſt inuade.
And would on Heauē their hundred-hāds haue laid:
Though fierce the Foe, yet did that Warre depend
But of one Body, and had ſoone an end.
Now all the race of Man I muſt confound,
Where-euer *Nereus* walks his wauy Round:
And this I vow by thoſe infernall Floods
Which ſlowly glide through ſilent *Stygian* woods.
All cures firſt ſought; ſuch parts as health reiect
Muſt be cut off, leſt they the ſound infect.
Our Demi-gods, Nymphs, Syluans, Satyres, Faunes,
Who haut cleare Springs, high Mountayns, Woods, and Lawnes
(On whom ſince yet we pleaſe not to beſtow
Cœleſtiall dwellings) muſt ſubſiſt below:

Thinke you, you Gods, they can in ſafetie reſt,
When me (of lightning, and of you poſſeſt,
Who both at our Imperiall pleaſure ſway:)
The ſterne *Lycaon* practiz'd to betray?
All bluſter, and in rage the wretch demand.
So, when bold Treaſon ſought, with impious hand,
By *Cæſar's* blood to out-race the Roman name;
Man-kind, and all the World's affrighted frame,
Aſtoniſht at ſo great a ruine, ſhooke.
Nor rhine, for Thee, leſſe thought, *Auguſtus*, tooke,
Then they for *Joue*. He, when he had ſuppreſt
Their murmur, thus proceeded to the reſt.
He hath his puniſhment; remit that care:
The manner how, I will in briefe declare.
The Times accus'd, (but, as I hop't, bely'd)
To trie, I downe from ſteep *Olympus* ſlide.
A God, transform'd like one of humane birth,
I wandred through the many-peopl'd Earth.
'Twere long to tell what crimes of euery ſort
Swarm'd in all parts: the truth exceeds report.
Now paſt den-dreadfull *Manalus* confines,
Cyllene, cold *Lycæus* clad with Pines, (light
There where the *Arcadians* dwell, when doubtfull-
Drew-on the deawy Charriot of the Night,
I entred his vnhoſpitable Court.
The better Vulgar to their pray'rs reſort,
When I by ſignes had ſhowne a Gods repayr.
Lycaon firſt derides their zealous pray'r;
Then ſaid, We ſtraight the vndoubted truth wil trie,
Whether he be immortall, or may die.
In dead of Night, when all was whiſt and ſtill,
Me, in my ſleepe, he purpoſeth to kill.

Nor

Nor with ſo foule an enterprize content,
An Hoſtage murders from *Moloſſus* ſent:
Part of his ſeuer'd ſcarce-dead lims he boyles;
An other part on hiſſing Embers broyles.
This ſet before me, I the houſe ore-turn'd
With vẽgeful flames, which roũd about him burn'd.
He, frighted, to the ſilent Deſert flies;
There howles, and ſpeech with loſt indeuour tries.
His ſelfe-like jawes ſtill grin: more then for food
He ſlaughters beaſts, and yet delights in blood.
His armes to thighs, his clothes to briſtles chang'd:
A Wolfe; not much from his firſt forme eſtrang'd.
So horie hair'd; his lookes ſo full of rape;
So fiery ey'd; ſo terrible his ſhape.
One houſe that fate which all deſerue, ſuſtaines:
For, through the World the fierce *Erinnis* raignes.
You'ld thinke they had conſpir'd to ſinne. But, all
Shall ſwiftly by deſerued vengeance fall.
Ioue's words a part approue, and his intent
Exaſperate: the reſt giue their conſent,
Yet all for mans deſtruction grieu'd appeare;
And aske what form the widowed Earth ſhal beare?
Who ſhall with odours their cold Altars feaſt:
Or muſt th'Earth be by ſaluages poſſeſt?
The King of Gods re-comforts their deſpaire;
And biddeth them impoſe on him that care:
Who promis'd, by a ſtrange originall
Of better people, to ſupply their fall.
And now about to let his lightning flie,
He fear'd leſt ſo much flame ſhould catch the ſkie,
And burne heauens Axeltree. Beſides, by doome,
Of certayne Fate, he knew the time ſhould come,

When Sea, Earth, rauisht Heauen, the curious frames
Of this World's masse, should shrinke in purging flames.
He therefore those *Cyclopean* darts reiects; (flames.
And different-natur'd punishments elects:
To open all the Flood-gates of the skie,
And Man by inundation to destroy,
Rough *Boreas* in *Æolian* prison laid, (uade;
And those drie blasts which gathered Clouds in-
Out flyes the South, with dropping wings; vvho shrouds
His terrible aspect in pitchy clouds.
His vvhite haire streames, his Beard is big vvith showres:
Mists bind his brows, Rain from his bosom powres.
As with his hands the hanging clouds he crusht;
They roar'd, and downe in showres together rusht.
All-colour'd *Iris*, *Juno's* messenger.
To weeping Clouds doth nourishment confer.
The Corne is lodg'd, the Husband-men despaire;
Their long yeares labour lost, with all their care.
Iove, not content with his æthereall rages,
His brother's auxiliarie floods ingages.
The Streames convented; 'Tis too late to vse
Much speech, said *Neptune*; all your powres effuse;
Your dores vnbarre, remoue what-ere restraines
Your liberall Waues, & giue them the full raignes.
Thus charged, they returne; their Springs vnfold;
And to the Sea with head-long furie rol'd.
He with his Trident strikes the Earth: Shee shakes;
And way for Water by her motion makes.
Through open fields now rush the spreading floods;
And hurry with them Cattell, People, Woods,
Houses,

Houſes, and Temples with their Gods inclos'd.
What ſuch a force, vn-ouerthrowne, oppos'd,
The higher ſwelling Water quite deuoures;
Which hides the aſpiring tops of ſwallowed towrs.
Now Land and Sea no different viſage bore:
For, all was Sea, nor had the Sea a ſhore.
He, takes a Hill: He, in a Boat deplores;
And, where he lately plow'd, now ſtrikes his Oares.
O're Corne, o're drowned Villages he ſailes.
He, from high Elmes intangled Fiſhes hales.
In Fields they anchor caſt, as Chance did guide:
And Ships the vnder-lying Vineyards hide.
Where Mountayne-louing Goats did lately graze.
The Sea-calfe now his vgly body layes.
Groues, Cities, Temples, couer'd by the Deep,
The Nymphs admire: in woods the Delphins keep,
And chace about the boughs: the Wolfe doth ſwim
Amongſt the Sheepe: the Lyon (now not grim)
And Tygres tread the Waues. Swift feet no more
Auaile the Hart; nor wounding tuskes the Bore.
The wandring Birds, hid Earth long ſought in vaine,
With weary wings deſcend into the Mayne.
Licentious Seas o're drowned Hills now fret:
And vnknowne ſurges Ayerie Monntaynes beat.
The Waues the greater part deuour: the reſt,
Death, with long-wanted ſuſtenance, oppreſt.
The Land of *Phocis*, fruitfull when a Land,
Diuides *Aönia* from th'*Attean* ſtrand;
But now a part of the inſulting Mayne,
Of ſudden-ſwelling waters a vaſt Playne,
There, his two heads *Parnaſſus* doth extend
To touched Stars; whoſe tops the Clouds tranſcẽd.
On

On this *Deucalions* little Boat was throwne:
With him, his Wife; the reſt all ouer-flowne.
Corician Nymphs, and hill-gods he adores;
And *Themis*, then oraculous, implores.
None was there better, none more iuſt then hee:
And none more reuerenced the Gods then ſhee.
Ioue, when he ſaw that all a Lake was growne,
And of ſo many thouſand men but one;
One, of ſo many thouſand women, left;
Both guiltleſſe, pious both; of all bereft:
The clouds (now chac't by *Boreas*) from him throws:
And Earth to Heauen, Heauen vnto Earth he ſhows.
Nor Seas perſiſt to rage: their awfull Guide
The wilde waues calmes, his Trident laid aſide;
And calls blew *Triton*, riding on the Deep
(Whoſe mantle Nature did in purple ſteep)
And bids him his lowd-ſounding ſhell inſpire,
And giue the Floods a ſignall to retire.
He his wreath'd trumpet takes (as giuen in charge)
That from the turning bottom growes more large:
To which when he giues breath, 'tis heard by all,
From farre-vpriſing *Phœbus* to his Fall.
When this the watery Deitie had ſet
To his large mouth, and ſounded a retreat;
All Floods it heard, that Earth or Ocean knew:
And all the Floods that heard the ſame with-drew.
Seas now haue ſhores: full ſtreams their chanels keep:
They ſink, and hils aboue the waters peep.
Earth re-aſcends: as waues decreaſe, ſo growe
The formes of things, and late hid figures ſhowe.
And after a long day, the trees extend
Their bared tops; with mud their branches bend.

The

The World's reſtor'd. Which when in ſuch a ſtate,
So deadly ſilent, and ſo deſolate,
Deucalion ſaw: with teares which might haue made
An other Flood, he thus to *Pyrrha* ſaid.
O Siſter! O my Wife! the poore Remaines
Of all thy Sex; which all, in one, containes!
Whom humane Nature, one paternall Line,
Then one chaſte Bed, and now like dangers ioyne!
Of what the Sunne beholds from Eaſt to Weſt,
We two are all: the Sea intombs the reſt,
Nor yet can we of life be confident;
The threatning clowds ſtrange terrors ſtill preſent.
O what a heart wouldſt thou haue had, if Fate
Had ta'ne me from thee, and prolong'd thy date!
So wilde a feare, ſuch ſorrows, ſo forlorne
And comfortleſſe, how couldeſt thou haue borne!
If Seas had ſuckt thee in, I would haue follow'd
My Wife in death; & Sea ſhould me haue ſwallow'd.
O would I could my Father's cunning vſe!
And ſoules into well-modul'd clay infuſe!
Now, all our mortall Race we two contayne;
And but a pattern of Man-kind remayne.
This ſaid, both wept: both, pray'rs to heauen addreſſe;
And ſeeke the Oracle in their diſtreſſe.
Forth-with deſcending to *Cephiſus* Flood, (mud;
Which in known banks now ran, though thick with
They on their heads and garments water throwe;
And to the Temple of the Goddeſſe goe;
At that time all defil'd with moſſe and mire;
The vnfrequented Altar without fire.
When, humbly on their faces proſtrate lay'd,
And kiſſing the cold ſtones, with feare thus pray'd.

If Powres diuine to iuſt deſires conſent,
And angrie Gods doe in the end relent;
Say, *Themis*, how ſhall we our Race repaire?
O, helpe the drown'd in Water and Deſpaire!
The Goddeſſe, with compaſſion mou'd, reply'd;
Goe from my Temple: both your faces hide;
Let Garments all vnbraced looſely flow;
And your Great-Parents bones behind you throw.
Amaz'd! firſt, *Pyrrha* ſilence breakes, and ſaid;
By me the Goddeſſe muſt not be obay'd;
And, trembling, pardon craues. Her Mothers ghoſt
Shee feares would ſuffer, if her bones were toſt.
Meane-while they ponder and reiterate
The words proceeding from ambiguous Fate.
Then, *Promethides, Epimethida*
Thus recolle&teth; loſt in her diſmay:
Or we the Oracle miſſe-vnderſtand
(The righteous Gods no wicked thing command)
Or Earth is our Great-Mother: and the ſtones,
Therein contayn'd, I take to be her bones.
Theſe, ſure, are thoſe we ſhould behind vs throw.
Although *Titania* thought it might be ſo,
Yet ſhee miſſe-doubts. Both with weake faith rely
On ayding Heauen. What hurt was it to try?
Departing, with heads vail'd, and clothes vnbrac't,
Commanded ſtones they o're their ſhoulders caſt.
Did not Antiquitie auouch the ſame,
Who would beleeu't! the ſtones leſſe hard became.
And as their naturall hardneſſe them forſooke;
So by degrees they Man's dimenſions tooke;
And gentler-natur'd grew as they increaſt;
And, yet not manifeſtly Man expreſt:

But,

But, like rough-hewne rude marble Statues ſtand,
That want the Workmans laſt life-giuing hand.
The earthy parts, and what had any iuyce,
Were both conuerted to the body's vſe.
The vnflexible and ſolid, turne to bones:
The veins remain, that were when they were ſtones.
Thoſe, throwne by Man, the forme of Men indue:
And thoſe were Women which the Woman threw.
Hence we, a hardy Race, inur'd to payne:
Our Actions our Originall explayne.
All other Creatures tooke their numerous birth
And figures, from the voluntary Earth.
When that old humour with the Sunne did ſweat,
And ſlimy Mariſhes grew big with heat;
The pregnant Seeds, as from their Mothers wombe,
From quickning Earth both growth & form aſſume.
So, when ſeuen-chanel'd *Nile* forſakes the Playne,
When ancient bounds retyring ſtreames contayne,
And late-left ſlime æthereall feruours burne,
Men various creatures with the gleabe vp-turne:
Of thoſe, ſome in their very time of birth;
Some lame; and others halfe aliue; halfe earth.
For, Heat and Moyſture, when they temperate grow,
Forth-with conceiue; and life on things beſtow.
From ſtriuing Fire and Water all proceede;
Diſcording Concord euer apt to breede.
So, Earth by that late Deluge muddy growne,
When on her lap reflecting *Titan* ſhone,
Produc't a World of formes; reſtor'd the late;
And other vnknowne Monſters did create.
Huge *Python*, thee, againſt her will, ſhee bred;
A Serpent whom the new-borne People dread;

Whoſe

Whoſe bulk did like a mouing Mountayne ſhowe.
Behold: the God that beares the ſiluer Bowe
(Till then, inur'd to ſtrike the flying Deere,
Or ſwifter Roe, which euery ſhaddow feare)
That terror with a thouſand arrowes ſlew;
And through black woſids the clotted poiſon drew.
Then, leſt the well-deſerued memorie
Of ſuch a praiſe, in future time ſhould die;
He inſtituteth celebrated Games
Of free contention; which he *Pythia* names.
Who Ran, who Wraſtled beſt; or Rak't the ground
With ſwifteſt Wheeles, the Oken Garland crown'd.
The Laurel was not yet: all ſorts of Boughs
Phœbus then bound about his radiant Browes.
Peneian Daphne was his firſt belov'd:
Not Chance, but *Cupids* wrath, that fury mov'd:
Whom *Delius* (proud of his late Conqueſt) ſaw,
As he his pliant Bowe began to draw;
And ſaid: Laſciuious Boy, how ill agree
Thou and theſe Armes! too Manly far for thee.
Such ſuit our ſhoulders; whoſe ſtrong arme cõfounds
Both Man and Beaſt, with neuer-miſſing wounds,
That *Python*, briſtled with thick Arrows, queld,
Who o're ſo many poys'ned Akers ſweld.
Be thou content to kindle with thy Flame
Deſires we know not; nor our prayſes claime.
Then, *Venus* ſonne; Selfe-prayſed euer bee:
All may thy Bowe transfixe, as mine ſhall thee.
As much as *Ioue* excelleth humane powr's:
So much thy glorie is exceld by ours.
With that, he breaks the Ayre with nimble wings,
And to *Parnaſſus* ſhadie ſummit Springs;

Two

Two different arrowes from his Quiuer drawes:
One, hate of Loue; the other Loue doth cauſe.
What caus'd, was ſharpe, and had a golden Head:
But what repulſt, was blunt, and tipt with Lead.
The God this in *Penæa* fixt: that ſtrucke
Apollo's bones and in his Marrow ſtucke.
Forth-with he loues: a Louer's name ſhee flyes:
And emulating vn-wed *Phœbe*, ioyes
In ſpoyles of ſaluage Beaſts, and ſyluan Lares;
A Fillet binding her neglected haires.
Her, many ſought: but ſhee, auerſe to all,
Vnknowne to Man, nor brooking ſuch a thrall,
Frequents the pathleſſe Woods; and hates to proue,
Nor cares to heare, what *Hymen* is, or Loue.
Oft ſaid her Father; Daughter, thou do'ſt owe
A Son-in-law, who Nephews may beſtowe.
But ſhee, who Marriage as a Crime eſchew'd
(Her Face with bluſhing ſhamefac'tnes imbew'd)
Hung on his necke with fawning armes, and ſaid;
Deare Father, giue me leaue to liue a Maid:
This boone *Diana's* did to her afford.
He, too indulgent, gaue thee his accord:
But thee, thy excellencie countermands;
And thy owne beautie thy deſire with-ſtands.
Apollo loues, and *Daphne* fayne would wed:
What he deſires, he hopes; and is miſſe-led
By his owne Oracles. As ſtubbles burne,
As hedges into ſudden blazes turne,
Fire ſet too neere, or left by chance behinde
By paſſengers, and ſcattered with the winde:
So ſprings he into flames: a fire doth moue
Through all his veins: hope feeds his barren loue.

He

He on her ſhoulders ſees her haire vntreſt:
O what, ſaid he, if theſe were neatly dreſt!
He ſees her Eyes two Starres! her Lips which kiſſe
Their happy ſelues, and longs to taſte their bliſſe:
Admires her Fingers, Hands, her Armes halfe-bare;
And Parts vnſeene conceiues to be more rare.
Swifter then following Winds, away ſhee runs;
And him, for all this his intreaty, ſhuns.
Stay Nymph, I pray thee ſtay. I am no Foe:
So Lambs from Wolues, Harts fly from Lyons ſo;
So from the Eagle ſprings the trembling Doue:
They, from their deaths: but, my purſute is Loue.
Wo's me, if thou ſhouldſt fall, or thorns ſhould race
Thy tender legs, whilſt I inforce the chace!
Theſe roughs are craggy: moderate thy haſte;
And, truſt me, I will not purſue ſo faſt.
Yet know who 'tis you pleaſe. No Mountanere,
No home-bred Clowne: nor keepe I Cattell here.
From whom thou fly'ſt thou know'ſt not (ſilly foole!)
And therefore fly'ſt thou. I in *Delphos* rule.
Ionian Clares, Lycian Patara,
And Sea-girt *Tenedos* doe me obay.
Ioue is my Father. What ſhall be, hath beene,
Or is; by my inſtructiue rayes is ſeene.
Immortall Verſe from our inuention ſprings;
And how to ſtrike the well-concording ſtrings.
My ſhafts hit ſure: yet he one ſurer found,
Who in my emptie boſome made this wound.
Of herbs I found the vertue: and through all
The World they Me the great Phyſician call.
Ay me, that herbs can Loue no cure afford!
That Arts, releeuing all, ſhould faile their Lord!

More had he ſaid, when ſhe, with nimble dread,
From him, and his vnfiniſht court-ſhip fled.
How gracefull then! the Wind that obvious blew,
Too much betray'd her to his amorous view,
And play'd the Wanton with her fluent haire:
Her Beauty, by her flight, appear'd more rare.
No more the God will his intreaties looſe;
But, vrg'd by Loue, with all his force purſues.
As when a Hare the ſpeedy Gray-hound ſpyes;
His feet for prey, ſhee hers for ſafety plyes:
Now beares he vp; now, now he hopes to fetch her;
And, with his ſnowt extended, ſtraines to catch her:
Not knowing whether caught or no, ſhee ſlips
Out of his wide-ſtretcht jawes, and touching lips.
The God and Virgin in ſuch ſtrife appeare:
He, quickned by his hope; Shee, by her feare.
But, the Purſuer doth more nimble proue:
Enabled by th'induſtrious wings of loue.
Nor giues he time to breathe: now at her heeles,
His breath vpon her dangling haire ſhee feeles.
Cleane ſpent, and fainting, her affrighted blood
Forſakes her cheeks. Shee cryes vnto the Flood,
Helpe Father, if your ſtreames contayne a Powre!
May Earth, for too well pleaſing, me deuour:
Or, by transforming, ô deſtroy this ſhape,
That thus betrayes me to vndoing rape.
Forth-with, a numneſſe all her lims poſſeſt;
And ſlender filmes her ſofter ſides inueſt.
Haire into leaues, her Armes to branches grow:
And late ſwift feet, now rootes, are leſſe then ſlow.
Her gracefull head a leauy top ſuſtaynes:
One beauty throughout all her forme remaynes.

Still

Still *Phœbus* loues. He handles the new Plant;
And feeles her Heart within the bark to pant;
Imbrac't the bole, as he would her haue done;
And kist the boughs: the boughs his kisses shun.
To whom the God: Although thou canst not bee
The Wife I wisht, yet shalt thou be my Tree.
Our Quiuer, Harp, our Tresses neuer shorne,
My Laurell, thou shalt euer-more adorne,
And Browes triumphant, when they *Iô* sing,
And to the Capitol their Tropheis bring.
Thou shalt defend, from Thunders blasting stroke,
Augustus doores, on either side the Oke.
And, as our vn-cut haire no change receaues;
So euer flouriſh with vnfading leaues.
Here *Paan* ends. The Laurell all allowes:
In signe whereof her gratefull head shee bowes.
A pleasant Groue within *Æmonia* grows,
Call'd *Tempe*; which high ragged Cliffs incloſe.
Through this, *Penæus*, powr'd from *Pindus*, raues;
And from the bottom rowles, with foming waues,
That by steep down-fals tumbling from on hie,
Ingender mists, which smoke-like, vpward flie,
That on the deawy tops of Trees distill:
And more then neighboring woods with noyses fill.
Here, in a Caue, his Court and residence
The great Flood keeps: here iustice doth dispense
To streams, & gentle Nymphs that streams frequẽt.
The Floods, that natiue were, with one consent
First thither came; as yet, at selfe-debate,
Whether to comfort, or congratulate:
Coole *Sperchius*, slowe *Amphrysus*, *Apidan*,
Swift *Æas*, *Enipe*, that troubled ran.

Then,

Then, forth-with thoſe, who (as their ſourſes bend)
To Seas, their Waues (with wandring, weary) ſend;
All but old *Inachus*: who in his Caue's
Obſcure receſſe, with teares augments his waues;
For *Io*, mournes as loſt: nor yet knowes hee
Whether aboue or vnder earth ſhee bee:
But, her, whom he not any-where could find,
He thinks is no where: feare diſtracts his mind.
As from her Fathers ſtreames the Nymph return'd,
Saturnius, ſeeing her, in paſſion burn'd.
O Virgin, worthy *Ioue*! whoſe Bed muſt bleſſe
What God I know not; though a Man, no leſſe:
Here in theſe Woods, ſaid he, or theſe repoſe,
Whil'ſt thus the world with fainting feruor glowes.
Nor feare amongſt the Saluages to venter:
A God protecting, thou maiſt ſafely enter.
Nor one of vulgar ranke; but, he that beares
Heauens Scepter, & the clouds with thunder teares.
O, flie not! for, ſhee fled. The Paſtures paſt
Of *Lerna*, and *Lyrcea's* gloomy waſte,
With darkneſſe he the Earth inveloped;
And catching her, inforc't her Maiden-head.
Meane-while, with wonder *Iuno* doth ſuruay
Thoſe duskie Clouds, that made a Night of Day.
And, finding that they neither tooke their birth
From vap'rous ſtreames, nor from the humid Earth,
For her miſt Husband ſearcheth Heauen: as one,
To whom his ſtealths ſo often had beene knowne.
Whom when ſhee could not finde; Deceiu'd am I,
Or wrong'd, ſhe ſaid. Down from the enamel'd skie
Shee ſlides to Earth. The foggy Clouds with-draw
At her command. Her comming *Ioue* fore-ſaw,

And

And chang'd *Inachides* into a Cow;
Whose forme euen *Iuno* prais'd; demanding how
Shee thither came? Whose was shee? of what herd?
As ignorant of what shee more then fear'd.
Ioue faynes (her importunity to shift)
Her borne of Earth. *Saturnia* begs the gift.
What should he doe? be cruell to his Loue;
Or by denying her, suspicion moue?
Shame that perswades: & Loue doth this dissuade:
But, stronger Loue Shame vnder foot had layd;
Yet doubts, if he should such a thing deny
His Wife and Sister, 'twould the fraud descry.
Obtayn'd; not forth-with feare the Goddesse left;
Distrusting *Ioue*, and jealous of his theft,
Vntill deliuer'd vnto *Argus* guard.
A hundred eyes his heads large circuit start'd;
Whereof, by turnes, at once two onely slept;
The other watcht, and still their Stations kept.
Which way so-ere he stands, he *Io* spyes:
Io, behind him, was before his eyes.
By day, shee graz'd abroad: *Sol* vnder-ground,
He hous'd her in vnworthy halter bound.
On leaues of Trees, and bitter herbs shee fed;
Poore soule! the Earth not alwayes green, her bed;
And of the Torrent drinks. With hands vp-heau'd
Shee thought to beg for pity: how deceiu'd!
Who low'd, when shee began to make her mone;
And trembled at the voyce which was her owne.
Vnto the banks of *Inachus* shee stray'd;
Her Fathers banks, where shee so oft had play'd:
Beholding in his streame her horned head,
Shee starts; and from her selfe, selfe-frighted, fled.

Her

Her Sisters, nor old *Inachus*, her knew.
Which way so ere they went, shee would pursue,
And suffer them to stroke her; and doth moue
Their wonder with her strange expressed loue.
He brought her Grasse: She gently lickt his hands,
And kist his palmes; nor, longer, teares withstands.
And had shee then had words, shee had display'd
Her Name, her Fortunes, and implor'd his ayde.
For words, shee letters with her foot impreſt
Vpon the Sand, which her sad change expreſt.
Wo's me! cry'd *Inachus*: his armes he throwes
About her snowy Necke. O, woe of woes!
Art thou my daughter, throughout all the Round
Of Earth so sought, that now, vnsought, art found!
Lesse vvas thy losse: lesse was my misery.
Dumbe wretch (alas!) thou canst not make reply:
Yet, as thou canst thou dost: thy lowings speake,
And deep-fetcht sighs that from thy bosom breake.
I, ignorant, prepar'd thy marriage bed:
My hopes, a sonne-in-law, and Nephews fed.
Now, from the Heard, thy issue must descend:
Nor can the length of time my sorrowes end;
Accurst in that a God. Death's sweet reliefe
Hard Fates denie to my immortall griefe.

This said: his Daughter (in that shape belou'd)
The star-ey'd *Argus* farre from thence remou'd;
When, mounted on a hill, the warie Spie
Suruayes the Playnes that round about him lie.

The King of Gods those sorrowes shee indur'd
Could brooke no longer, by his fault procur'd:
But, calls his sonne, of bright *Pleias* bred;
Commanding him to cut off *Argus* head.

He

He wings his heeles, puts on his Felt, and takes
His drowſie Rod; the Towre of *Ioue* forſakes;
And, winding, ſtoops to Earth. The changed God
His Hat and Wings layes by; retaynes his Rod:
With which he driues his Gotes (like one that feeds
The bearded Heard) and ſings to his ſlender Reeds.
Much taken with that Art, before vnknowne,
Come, ſit by me, ſaid *Argus*, on this ſtone.
No place affordeth better Paſtorage,
Or ſhelter from the Sunnes offenſiue rage.
Pleas'd *Atlantiades* doth him obay,
And with diſcourſe protracts the ſpeedy Day:
Then, ſinging to his Pipe's ſoft melody,
Endeuours to ſubdue each wakefull eye.
The Herdſ-man ſtriues to conquer vrgent ſleepe:
Though ſeiz'd-on halfe, the other halfe doe keepe
Obſeruant watch. He askes who did inuent
(With that, he yawn'd) that late-found Inſtrument.
Then, thus the God his charmed eares inclines:
Amongſt the *Hamadry'd's* and *Nonacrines*
(On cold *Arcadian* Hils) for beautie fam'd,
A *Naïs* dwelt; by Nymphs, *Syringa* nam'd:
Who oft deceiu'd the Satyres that purſu'd,
The rurall Gods, and thoſe whom Woods include:
In exerciſes, and in chaſte deſire,
Diana-like: and ſuch in her attire,
You either in each other might behold.
Her Bowe was Horne: *Diana's* was of Gold;
Yet oft miſtooke. *Pan*, crown'd with Pines, returning
From ſteep *Lycaus*, ſaw her; and, lone-burning,
Thus ſaid: Faire Virgin, grant a Gods requeſt;
And be his Wife. Shee would not heare the reſt;

But

But fled from the deſpis'd, as from her ſhame,
Till to ſmooth *Ladon's* ſandy banks ſhee came.
There ſtopt; implores the liquid Siſters aid,
To change her ſhape, and pitty a forc't Maid.
Pan, when he thought he had *Syringa* claſpt
Betweene his arms, Reeds for her body graſpt.
He ſighs: they, ſtir'd there-with, report againe
A mournefull ſound, like one that did complaine.
Rapt with the muſick; Yet, ô ſweet (ſaid he)
Together euer thus conuerſe will we.
Then, of vnequall wax-ioyn'd Reeds he fram'd
This ſeuen-fold Pipe: of her 'twas *Syrinx* nam'd.
The ſly *Cyllenius*, thus diſcourſing, ſpyes
How leaden ſleep had ſeal'd-vp all his eyes.
Then, ſilent, with his Magick rod he ſtrokes
Their lāguiſht lights, which ſoūder ſleep prouokes,
And with his Fawchion lops his nodding head:
Whoſe blood beſmear'd the hoarie Rock with red.
There lyes he; of ſo many lights, the light
Put forth: his hundred eyes ſet in one night.
Yet that thoſe ſtarry jewels might remayne,
Saturnia fixt them in her Peacocks trayne.
Inflam'd with anger, and impatient haſte,
Before ſad *Iös* eyes and thoughts ſhee plac't
Erinnis Snakes; and through the World doth driue
The conſcience-ſtung affrighted Fugitiue.
Thou, *Nile*, to her long toyle an end didſt yeeld.
Approaching thee, ſhee on thy margent kneel'd;
Her looks (ſuch as ſhee had) to heauen vp-throwes:
With teares, ſighs, ſounds (expreſſing wordleſſe woes)
Shee ſeemed *Ioue* t'accuſe, as too ingrate,
And to implore an end of her hard fate.

He clips his Wife; and her intreats to free
Th'vniuſtly plagu'd. Be confident (ſaid hee)
Shee neuer more ſhall cauſe thy griefe, or feare:
His vow he bids the *Stygian* Waters heare.
Appeas'd, the Nymph recouer'd her firſt looke;
So faire, ſo ſweet: the haire her skin forſooke.
Her horns decreaſe: large eyes, wide jaws, contract:
Shoulders and hands againe become exact.
Her hooues to nailes diminiſh: nothing now,
But that pure white, retaynes ſhee of the Cow.
Then, on her feet her body ſhee erects,
Content with two. Her ſelfe ſhee yet ſuſpects;
Nor dares to ſpeak alowd, leſt ſhee ſhould heare
Her ſelfe to low; but ſoftly tries with feare.
Now, ſhee, a Goddeſſe, is ador'd by thoſe
That linnen weare, where ſacred *Nilus* flowes.
Hence ſprung *Ioue's Epaphus*, no leſſe diuine;
Whoſe Temples next vnto his Mother's ioyne.
Equall in years, nor equall ſpirit wants
The Sunne-got *Phaëton*: who proudly vants
Of his high Parentage; nor will giue place.
Inachides puts on him this diſgrace:
Foole, thou thy Mother truſts in things vnknowne;
And of a Father boaſts that's not thy owne.
Vext *Phaëton* bluſht: his ſhame his rage repels:
Who ſtraight to *Clymene* the ſlander tels:
And Mother, ſaid he, to your griefes increaſe;
I free, and late ſo fiery, held my peace;
Aſham'd that ſuch a tainture ſhould be lay'd
Vpon my blood, that could not be gayn-ſaid.
But, if I be deſcended from aboue;
Giue proofe thereof, and this reproach remoue:

Then

Then hangs about her neck: by her owne head,
By *Merope's*, her Sisters nuptiall bed,
Intreats her to produce some certayne gage,
That might assure his question'd parentage.
Mov'd with her sonnes intreaty, more inflam'd
With indignation to be so defam'd,
Shee casts her armes to heauen: and looking on
His radiant Orbe, thus said: I sweare, my son,
By yon faire Taper, that so bright appeares
With far-proiected beames; who sees, and heares:
That Sun whom thou behold'st, who light and heat
Affords the informed World, did thee beget.
If not, may he to me denie his sight:
And to my eyes let this be his last light.
Nor far-remoued doth his Palace stand:
His first vp-rise confines vpon our Land.
If that thy heart do serue thee, thither goe:
And there thy Father, of thy Father, knowe.
Hereat, ioy'd *Phaëton* enlightned grew; (sew.
Whose towring thoughts no lesse then Heauen pur-
His *Æthiopia* past, and *Ind* which fries
With burning beames, he climes the Sun's vp-rise.

OVID's METAMORPHOSIS.

The ſecond Booke.

ARGVMENT.

Raſh Phaëton *fires the VVorld. His ſiſters mourne*
His Tragedie; who into Poplars turne;
Their teares to Amber; Cygnus, *to a Swan.*
Ioue, Phœbe-*like,* Caliſto *found a Man:*
Her, Iuno *made a Beare: Shee, and her ſon,*
Aduanced ſtarres, that ſtill the Ocean ſhun.
Coronis, *now a Crowe, flyes* Neptune's *fright,*
Nictiminè *is made the Bird of Night.*
The too-officious Rauen, late ſo faire,
Is plum'd with black. Ocyroë *growes a Mare;*
Phœbus, *a Herdſman:* Mercury, *twice ſuch;*
VVho turns betraying Battus *into Tuch;*
Enuious Aglauros, *to a Statue, full*
Of her minde's ſpots. Loue Ioue *conuerts to a Bull.*

Sol's loftie Palace on high Pillars rais'd,
Shone all with gold, and ſtones that flame-like, (blaz'd,
The roofe of Iuory, diuinely deckt:
The two-leau'd ſiluer-doores bright rayes proiect.
The workmanſhip more admiration crau'd:
For, curious *Mulciber* had there ingrau'd
The Land-imbracing Sea, the orbed Ground,
The Arched Heauens. Blew Gods the billows crown'd;

Shape-

Shape-changing *Proteus*, *Triton* ſhrill; the tall
Big-brawn'd *Ægæon* mounted on a Whale:
Gray *Doris*, and her daughters, heauenly-faire,
Some ſit on Rocks, and drie their Sea-greene haire:
Some ſeeme vpon the dancing Waues to glide:
Others on backs of crooked Fiſhes ride:
Amongſt them all, no two appeare the ſame;
Nor differ more then ſiſters well became.
The Earth had ſaluage Beaſts, Men, Cities, Woods,
Nymphs, Satyres, rurall Gods, and cryſtall Floods:
Aboue all theſe, Heauen's radiant Image ſhines,
On both ſides deckt with ſix refulgent Signes.
To this, bold *Phaëton* made his aſcent;
And to his doubted Father's preſence bent;
Yet forc't to ſtand aloofe: for, mortall ſight
Could not indure to approach ſo pure a light.
Sol cloth'd in purple, ſits vpon a Throne
Which cleerly with tralucent Emralds ſhone.
With equall-raigning Hours, on either hand,
The Dayes, the Months, the Years, the Ages ſtand:
The fragrant Spring with flowrie chaplet crown'd:
Wheat-eares, the brows of naked Summer bound:
Rich Autumn ſmear'd with cruſht *Lyæus* blood;
Next, hoary-headed Winter quiuering ſtood.
Much daunted at theſe ſacred noueltie,
The fearfull Youth all-ſeeing *Phœbus* ſpies;
What brought thee hither, *Phaëton*, ſaid hee,
My deareſt ſonne? well worthy ſo to bee.
He thus reply'd: O thou refulgent Light,
Who all the World reioyceſt with thy ſight!
O Father! if allow'd to vſe that name,
Nor *Clymene* by thee diſguiſe her ſhame;

Produce ſome ſigne that may my birth approue,
And frō my thoghts theſe wretched doubts remoue.
He, from his brows, his ſhining rayes diſplac't;
And, bidding him draw-neere, his neck imbrac't.
By merit, as by birth, to thee is due
That name, ſaid he; and *Clymene* was true.
To cleere all doubts; aske what thou wilt, and take
Thy granted wiſh. Beare witneſſe thou dark Lake,
The oath of Gods, vnto our eyes vnknowne.
Theſe words no ſooner from his lips were flowne,
But he demands his Chariot, and the ſway
Of his hot Steeds, to guide the winged Day.
The God repents him of the oath he made;
And, ſhaking his illuſtrious Treſſes, ſaid:
Thy tongue hath made mine erre, thy birth vnbleſt.
O, would I could break promiſe! this requeſt,
I muſt confeſſe, I onely would denie:
And yet, diſſwade I may. Thy death doth lie
Within thy wiſh. What's ſo deſir'd by thee,
Can neither with thy ſtrength nor youth agree.
Too great intentions ſet thy thoughts on fire.
Thou, mortall, do'ſt no mortall thing deſire;
Through ignorance, affecting more then they
Dare vndertake, who in *Olympus* ſway.
Though each himſelfe approue; except me, none
Is able to ſupply my burning Throne.
Not that dread Thunderer, who rules aboue,
Can driue theſe wheeles: and who more great then
Steep is the firſt aſcent; which in the prime (*Ioue?*
Of ſpringing Day, freſh Horſes hardly clime.
At noon, throgh higheſt skies their courſe they bear:
Whence Sea and Land euen wee behold with feare.
Then

Then downe the Hill of Heauen they ſcoure amaine
With deſperate ſpeed, and need a ſteady raigne;
That *Thetis*, in whoſe wany bowres I lie,
Each euening dreads my down-fall from the skie.
Beſides; the Heauens are daily hurryed round,
That turn the Starres, to other motions bound.
Againſt this violence, my way I force,
And counter-run their all-o're-bearing courſe.
My Chariot had: can thy fraile ſtrength aſcend
The obuious Poles, and with their force contend?
No Groues, no Cities, fraught with Gods, expect;
Nor marble Fanes, with wealthy offerings deckt.
Through ſaluage ſhapes and dangers lyes thy way:
Which could'ſt thou keep, and by no error ſtray,
Betweene the Buls ſharp horns yet muſt thou goe;
By him that draws the ſtrong *Æmonian* bowe;
The deathfull Scorpion's far-out-bending claws;
The ſhorter Crabs; the roaring Lyons jaws.
Nor eaſie is't thoſe fiery Steads to tame:
Who from their mouthes and noſthrils vomit flame.
They, heated, hardly of my rule admit;
But, head-ſtrong, ſtriue with the diſdayned bit.
Then, leſt my bountie, which would ſaue, ſhould kill;
Beware: and whil'ſt thou maiſt, reforme thy will.
A ſigne thou crau'ſt, that might confirm thee mine:
I, by dehorting, giue a certayne ſigne;
Approu'd a Father, by Paternall feare.
Look on my looks, and reade my ſorrows there.
O, would thou could'ſt deſcend into my breſt;
And apprehend my vexed Soules vnreſt!
And laſtly, all the wealthy World behold:
Of all that Heauen enrich, rich Seas infold,

Or on the pregnant-boſom'd Earth remayne,
Aske what thou wilt; and no repulſe ſuſtayne.
To this alone, I giue a forc't conſent:
No honour, but a true-nam'd puniſhment.
Thou, for a bleſſing, begſt the worſt of harms.
Why hang'ſt thou on my neck with fawning arms?
Diſtruſt not; We haue ſworn: but aske, and take
What thou canſt wiſh: yet, wiſer wiſhes make.
In vaine dehorted; he, his promiſe claym'd;
With glorie of ſo great a charge inflam'd.
The wilfull Youth then lingring *Phœbus* brought
To his bright Chariot, by *Vulcan* wrought.
The Beam and Axeltree of maſſie gold;
On ſiluer Spokes the golden Fellies rol'd:
Rich Gems and Cryſolites the Harneſſe deckt;
Which, *Phœbus* beames, with equall light, reflect.
Whil'ſt this, admiring *Phaëton* ſuruayes,
The wakefull Morning from the Eaſt diſplayes
Her purple doores, and odoriferous bed,
With plentie of deaw-dropping Roſes ſpred.
Cleere *Lucifer* the flying Starres doth chace;
And, after all the reſt, reſignes his place.
When *Titan* ſaw the Dawning ruddy grew,
And how the Moon her ſiluer horns with-drew;
He bade the light-foot Hours, without delay
To ioyn his Steeds. The Goddeſſes obay:
Who, from their loftie Mangers, forth-with led
His fierie Horſes, with *Ambroſia* fed.
With ſacred Oyle anoynted by his Syre,
Of vertue to repulſe the rage of fire,
He crowns him with his Rayes; Then, thus began
With doubled ſighs, which following woes fore-ran.

Let

Let not thy Father ſtill aduiſe in vaine.
Sonne, ſpare the whip, and ſtrongly vſe the raigne.
They, of their owne accord, will run too faſt.
'Tis hard, to moderate a flying haſte.
Nor driue along the fiue directer Lines.
A broad and beaten path obliquely windes,
Contented with three Zones: which doth auoyd
The diſtant Poles: the track thy wheeles will guide.
Deſcend thou not too lowe, nor mount too high;
That temperate warmth may heaue & earth ſupply.
A loftie courſe will heauen with fire infeſt;
A lowely, earth: the ſafer Meane is beſt.
Nor to the folded Snake thy Chariot guide:
Nor to the Altar on the other ſide:
Between theſe driue. The reſt I leaue to Fate;
Who better proue, then thou, to thy owne ſtate.
But, while I ſpeak, behold, the humid Night
Beyond th'*Heſperian* Vales hath ta'ne her flighe.
Aurora's ſplendor re-inthrones the Day:
We are expected, nor can longer ſtay.
Take vp the raignes, or, while thou maiſt, refuſe;
And not my Chariot, but my counſell vſe;
While on a firme foundation thou doſt ſtand,
Not yet poſſeſt of thy ill-wiſht command.
Let me the World with vſuall influence cheare:
And view that light which is vnſafe to beare.
The generous and gallant *Phaëton*,
All courage, vaults into the blazing Throne,
Glad of the raignes, nor doubtfull of his skill;
And giues his Father thanks againſt his will.
Meane while, the Sunnes ſwift Horſes, hot *Pyrõus*,
Strong *Æton*, fiery *Phlegon*, bright *Eõus*,

Neighing alowd, inflame the Ayre with heat;
And, with their thundring hooues, the barriers beat.
Which when hospitious *Thetis* once with-drew,
(Who nothing of her Nephew's danger knew)
And gaue them scope; they mount the ample skie,
And cut the obuious Clouds with feet that flie.
Who, rays'd with plumed pinions, leaue-behinde
The glowing East, and slower Easterne winde.
But, *Phœbus* Horses could not feele that fraight:
The Chariot wanted the accustom'd waight.
And as vnballac't ships are rockt and tost
With tumbling Waues, and in their sterage lost:
So, through the Ayre the lighter Chariot reeles;
And, as if emptie, joults on jumping wheeles.
Which when they found, the beaten path they shun;
And, straggling, out of all subiection run.
He knowes not how to turn, nor knowes the way;
Or had he knowne, yet would not they obay.
The cold, now hot, *Tryones* sought in vaine
To quench their heat in the forbidden Maine.
The Serpent, next vnto the frozen Pole,
Benumb'd, and hurtlesse, now began to rowle
With actuall heat; and long forgotten ire
Resumes, together with æthereall fire.
'Tis said, that thou *Bootes* ranst away,
Though slow, though thee thy heauy Waine did stay.
But, when from top of all the arched skye,
Vnhappy *Phaëton* the Earth did eye,
Pale sudden feare vn-nerves his quaking thighs;
And, in so great a light, be-nights his eyes.
He wisht those Steeds vnknown: vnknown his birth:
His suite vngranted: now he couets earth:

To

To be the ſonne of ſcorned *Merope*.
Rapt as a ſhip vpon the high-wrought Sea,
By ſaluage tempeſts chac't; which in deſpaire
The Pilot leaues vnto the Gods, and pray'r.
What ſhould he doe? much of the heauen behinde;
Much more before: both meaſur'd in his minde:
The neuer-to-be entred Weſt ſuruays;
And then the Eaſt. Loſt in his owne amaze,
And ignorance, he can nor hold the raignes,
Nor let them goe; nor knowes his Horſes names:
But ſtares on terror-ſtriking skies (poſſeſt
By Beaſts and Monſters) with a panting breſt.
There is a place, in which the Scorpion bends
His cópaſt claws; who through two Signes extends.
Whó when the Youth beheld ſtew'd in black ſweat
Of poyſon, and with turn'd-vp taile to threat
A morrall wound; feare all his ſenſes ſtrooke,
And frõ his trembling hãds the ſlack raigns ſhooke.
They, when they felt them on their backs to lie,
With vn-controlled error ſcoure the skie
Through vnknowne ayrie Regions; and doe tread
The way which their diſordred fury led.
Vp to the fixed Starres their courſe they take;
And ſtranger Spheres with ſmoking Chariot rake:
Now clime: now, by ſteep Præcipes, deſcend:
And neerer Earth their wandring race extend.
To ſee her brother's Steeds beneath her owne,
The Moon admires! the Clouds like Comets ſhone.
Inuading fire the vpper Earth aſſayl'd;
All chapt and con'd; her pregnant iuyce exhal'd.
Trees ſeed their ruin: Graſſe, gray-headed turns:
And Corne, by that which did produce it, burns.

But,

But, this was nothing. Cities with their Towrs,
Realmes with their People, funerall fire deuours.
The Mountayns blaze: High *Athos*, but too high;
Fount-fruitfull *Ida*, neuer till then drie;
Cilician Taurus, *Oete*, *Timolus*,
Muse-haunted *Helicon*, *Oeägrian Æmus*.
Lowd *Ætna* roreth with her double fires:
Parnassus grones beneath two flaming spires.
Steep *Othris*, *Cymbus*, *Eryx*, *Mimas*, glowe;
And *Rodope*, no longer cloath'd with snowe.
The *Phrygian Dindyma*, in cinders mourns:
Cold *Caucasus* in frosty *Scythia* burns.
Mycale, with the sacred *Citheron*:
So *Pindus*, *Ossa* (once on *Pelion* throwne)
More great *Olympus* (which before did shine)
The ayrie *Alpes*, and cloudie *Appenine*.
Then *Phaëton* beheld on euery side
The World on fire; nor could such heat abide;
And, at his deadly-drie and gasping jaws,
The scalding Ayre, as from a furnace, draws;
His Chariot, redder then the fire it bore;
And, being mortall, could indure no more
Such clowds of ashes, and ejected coles.
Muffled in smoake which round about him rowles,
He knowes not where he is, nor what succeeds,
Dragg'd at the pleasure of his frantick Steeds.
Men say, the *Æthiopians* then grew swart,
Their blood exhaled to the outward part.
A sandie Desert *Lybia* then became,
Her full veins emptied by the thirsty flame.
With hair vnbound & torn, the Nymphs, distraught,
Bewaile their Springs. *Boëtia Dirce* sought;

Argos,

Argos, *Amymone* : *Ephyrè*, faire
Perene miſt : Nor ſtreames ſecurer are.
Great *Tanais* in boyling chanell fumes:
Teuthranian Caïcus with heat conſumes,
Iſmenus, old *Penëus*, *Erymanthus*,
Yellow *Lycormas*; to-be-twice-burnt, *Zanthus*;
Meander, running in a turning maze,
Mygdonian Melas, and *Eurotas* blaze;
Euphrates, late inveſting *Babylon*;
Orontes, *Phaſis*, *Iſter*, *Thermodon*,
Ganges, *Alphëus*, *Sperchius* lately cold,
And *Tagus* flowing with diſſolued gold.
The Swans, that rauiſht with their melodie
Maonian banks, now in *Caïſter* frie.
To fartheſt Earth affrighted *Nilus* fled;
And there conceal'd his yet vnfound-out head,
Whilſt his ſeuen duſtie chanels ſtreamleſſe lie.
Iſmarian Hebrus, *Stremon* now are drie.
Heſperian ſtreames, *Rhene*, *Rhodanus*, the *Po*,
And Scepter deſtinated *Tibur* glowe.
Earth cracks: to Hell the hated light deſcends;
And frighted *Pluto*, with his Queene, offends.
The Ocean ſhrinks, and leaues a field of Sand;
Where new diſcouered Rocks, & Mountayns ſtand,
That multiply the ſcattred *Cyclades*,
Late couer'd with the deep and awfull Seas.
The Fiſhes to the bottom diue: nor dare
The ſportleſſe Dolphins tempt the ſultrie Ayre.
Long boyl'd aliue, the monſtrous *Phocæ* die,
And on the brine with turn'd-vp bellies lie.
With *Doris* and her daughters, *Nereus* raues;
Who hide themſelues beneath the ſcalding waues.

Thrice

Thrice wrathfull *Neptune* his bold arme vp-held
Aboue the floods: whom thrice the fire repeld:
Yet foodfull *Tellus* which the Ocean bound,
Amidst the Seas, and Fountaynes now vnfound
(Self-hid within the vvomb where they were bred)
Neck-high aduanceth her all bearing head
(Her parched fore-head shaddowed with her hand)
And, shaking shooke what-ere did on her stand:
Where-vvith, a little shrunke into her brest,
Her sacred tongue her sorrowes thus exprest:
If such thy will and I deserue the same,
Thou chiefe of Gods, why sleeps thy vengeful flame?
Be't by thy fire, if I in fire must frie:
The Author lessens the calamitie.
But, whilst I striue to vttes this, I choke.
View my sing'd hair, mine eyes half-out with smoke!
The sparkling cinders on my visage throwne!
Is this my recompence? the fauour showne
For all my seruice? for the fruit I haue borne?
That thus I am vvith plough and harrows torne?
Wrought-out through-out the yeare: that mã & beast
Sustayne vvith food? and you vvith incense feast?
But, say I merit ruine, and thy hate:
What hath thy brother done (by equall Fate
Elected to the vvauy Monarchie)
That Seas should sinke, and from thy presence flie?
If neither he nor I thy pitty moue,
Pitty thy Heauen. Behold! the Poles aboue
At either end do fume: and should they burne,
Thy habitation vvould to ruine turne.
Distressed *Atlas* shoulders shrinke vvith payne,
And scarce the glowing Axeltree sustayne.

If

If Sea, if Earth, if Heauen ſhall fall by fire,
Then all of vs to *Chaos* muſt retire.
O! quench theſe flames: the miſerable ſtate
Of things releeue, afore it be too-late,
This ſaid, her voyce her parched tongue forſook,
Nor longer could the ſmotheriug vapors brook;
But, down into her-ſelfe with-drew her head,
Neere to the infernall Cauerns of the Dead.
Ioue calls the Gods to witneſſe, and who lent
The ſtraying Chariot; ſhould not he preuent,
That all would periſh by one deſtinie;
Then mounts the higheſt Turret of the skie,
From thence inur'd to cloud the ſpacefull Earth,
And giue the flame fore-running thunder birth.
But, there, for waſted clouds he ſought in vaine,
To ſhade or coole the ſcorched Earth with raine.
He thunders; and, with hands that cannot erre,
Hurls lightning at the audacious Charioter.
Him ſtrooke he from his ſeat, breath from his breſt,
Both at one blow, and flames with flames ſuppreſt.
The frighted horſes, plunging ſeuerall wayes,
Breake all their trie: to whom the bit obayes:
The reignes, torne beame, crackt ſpokes, diſperſt abroad,
Scortcht Heauen vvas vvith the Chariots ruines ſtrow'd.
But, ſoule leſſe *Phaëton*, with blazing haire,
Shot head-long through a long deſcent of Aire;
As when a falling ſtarre glides through the skie,
Or ſeemes to fall to the deceiued eye.
Whom great *Eridanus* (farre from his place
Of birth) receiu'd, and quencht his flagrant face.

Whoſe

Whose Nymphs interr'd him in his Mothers womb;
And fixt this Epitaph vpon his Tomb;
Here *Phaëton* lyes: who, though he could not guide
His Fathers Steeds, in high attempts he dy'd.
Phœbus for griefe with-drew. One day did runne
About the World, they say, with-out the Sunne,
Which flamie funerals illuminate;
That good, deriued from a wretched Fate.
When *Clymene* had said what could be said
In such a griefe; halfe-soul'd, in black array'd,
She fils the Earth she wāders through, with grones,
First seeking his dead corse, and then his bones.
Interr'd in forren Lands shee found the last:
Her feeble limbs vpon the place shee cast,
And bath'd his name in teares, and strictly prest
The carued Marble with her bared brest.
Nor lesse the *Heliades* lament; who shead
From drowned eyes vaine offerings to the dead;
Who with remorseleſse hands their bosoms teare;
And wayling, call on him that cannot heare.
With ioyning horns four Moons their orbs had fild,
Since they their customarie plaints vpheld;
When *Phaëthusa*, thinking to haue cast
Her selfe on Earth, cry'd, ah! my feet stick fast!
Lampetie, pressing to her sisters ayd,
As suddenly with fixed roots was stayd.
A third, about t'haue torne her scattered haire,
Tore-off the leaues which on her crowne she bare.
This, grieueth at her stiffe and senseleſse thighes:
Shee, that her stretcht-out arms in branches rise.
And whil'st with wonder they themselues behold,
The creeping barke their tender parts infold;

Then,

Then, by degrees, their bellies, breſts, and all
Except their mouthes; which on their mother call.
What ſhould ſhee doe? but run to that, to this,
As furie draue; and ſnatch a parting kiſſe?
But yet, not ſo ſuffiz'd, ſhee ſtroue to take
Them, frō themſelues; and down the brāches brake:
Frō whence, as from a woūd, pure blood did glide:
O pitty, Mother! (ſtill the wounded cry'd)
Nor teare vs in our Trees! ô! now adieu!
With that, the barke their lips together drew.
From theſe cleere dropping trees, tears yearly flow:
They, hardned by the Sunne, to Amber grow;
Which, on the moyſture-giuing Riuer ſpent,
To *Roman* Ladies, as his gift, is ſent.

Sthenelian Cygnus at that time was there,
A-kin to *Phaëton*; in loue, more neere.
He, leauing State (who in *Liguria* raign'd,
Which Cities great and populous contayn'd)
Fild with complaints the Riuer-chiding floods,
The ſedgie banks, and late augmented Woods.
At length, his voice grew ſmal: white plume cōtends
In whiteneſſe with his haire: his neck aſcends.
Red films vnite his toes: armes turne to wings:
His mouth, a flat blunt bill, that ſadly ſings.
Becomne a Swan, remembring how vniuſt
Ioue's lightning was, nor Heauen nor him wil truſt.
Whom Lakes and Ponds (deteſting fire) delight;
And Floods, to Flames in nature oppoſite.

The wofull Father to dead *Phaëton*,
Him-ſelfe neglecting (all his luſtre gon,
As when eclipſt) dav, light, his owne life hates;
And loued griefe, with anger, aggrauates,

Re-

Refuſing to illuminate the Earth.
Enough, too much my toile! (born with the birth
Of Time: as reſtleſſe:) without end, regard,
Or honour: recompenc't with this reward!
Some other now may on my Chariot ſit.
If all of you confeſſe your ſelues vnfit;
Let *Ioue* aſcend: that he (when he ſhall trie)
At length may lay his murdering thunder by.
Then will he finde, that he, who could not guide
Thoſe fire-hov'd Steeds, deſeru'd not to haue dy'd.
The Gods ſtand round about him, and requeſt
That endleſſe Night might not the World inveſt.
Euen *Ioue* excus'd his lightning, and intreats:
Which, like a King, he intermixt with threats.
Diſpleaſed *Phœbus*, hardly reconcil'd,
Takes-vp his Steeds, as yet with horror wild.
On whom he vents his ſpleen: and, though they run,
He laſhes, and vpbraids them with his ſon.
The Thunderer then walks the ample Round
Of Heauens high walls, to ſearch if all were ſound.
When finding nothing there by fire decay'd;
He Earth, and humane induſtries ſuruay'd.
Arcadia chiefely exerciz'd his cares;
There, Springs & ſtreams, that durſt not run, repairs;
The Fields with graſſe, the Trees with leaues indues,
And withered Woods with vaniſht ſhades renews.
Oft paſſing to and fro, a *Nonacrine*
The God inflam'd; her beautie, more diuine!
'Twas not her Art to ſpin, nor with much care
And fine varietie to trick her haire;
But, with a zone, her looſer garments bound,
And her rude treſſes in a fillet wound:
Now

Now armed with a Dart, now vvith a Bowe;
A Squire of *Phœbe's*. *Mana'us* did knowe
None more in grace, of all her Virgin throng:
But, Fauorites in fauour laſt not long.
The parted Day, in equall balance held,
A Wood ſhee entred, as yet neuer feld.
There from her ſhoulders ſhee her Quiuer takes,
Vnbends her Bowe; and, tyr'd with hunting, makes
The flowry-mantled Earth her happy bed;
And on her painted Quiuer layes her head.
When *Ioue* the Nymph without a guard did ſee
In ſuch a poſiture; This ſtealth, ſaid hee,
My Wife ſhall neuer know: or, ſay ſhee did;
Who (ah!) who would not for her ſake be chid!
Diana's ſhape and habit then indew'd,
He ſaid; My Huntreſſe, where haſt thou purſew'd
This morning's chace? Shee, riſing, made reply;
Haile Powr, more great then *Ioue*: (though *Ioue* ſtood
In my eſteem--He ſmil'd; and gladly heard (by)
Him-ſelfe, by her, before him ſelfe preferr'd;
And kiſt. His kiſſes too intemperate grow;
Not ſuch as Maids on Maidens do beſtow.
His ſtrict imbracements her narration ſtay'd;
And, by his crime, his owne deceit betray'd.
Shee did what Woman could to force her Fate:
(Would *Iuno* ſaw! it would her ſpleen abate)
Although, as much as Woman could, ſhee ſtroue;
What Woman, or who can contend with *Ioue*!
The Victor hies him to the æthereall States.
The Woods, as guiltie of her wrongs, ſhee hates;
Almoſt forgetting, as from thence ſhee flung,
Her Quiuer, and the Bowe which by it hung.

High

High *Manalus Dictinna* with her traine
Now entring, pleaſed with the quarry ſlaine,
Beheld, and call'd her: call'd vpon, ſhee fled;
And in her ſemblance *Iupiter* doth dread:
But, when ſhee ſaw the attending Nymphs appeare,
Shee troops amongſt them, and diuerts her feare.
Ah, how our faults are in our faces read!
With eyes ſcarce euer rais'd, ſhee hangs the head:
Nor perks ſhee now, as ſhee was wont to do,
By *Cynthia's* ſide, nor leads the ſtarry crew.
Though mute ſhee bee, her violated ſhame
Selfe-guiltie bluſhes ſilently proclaime.
But that a Maid, *Diana* the ill-hid
Had ſoone eſpy'd: they ſay, her ſly Nymphs did.
Nine Creſcēts now had made their Orbs cōpleat;
When, faint with labour, and her brothers heat,
Shee takes the ſhades, cloſe by the murmuring
And ſiluer current of a fruitfull Spring. (cleere
The place much prays'd, the ſtreame as coole as
Her faire feet glads. No ſpyes, ſaid ſhe be here:
Here will we our diſrobed bodies dip.
Caliſto bluſht: the reſt their faire limbs ſtrip,
And her perforce vncloth'd, that ſought delayes;
Who, with her body, her offence diſplayes.
They, all abaſht, yet loth to haue it ſpy'd,
Striuing her belly with their hands to hide;
Auant, ſaid *Cynthia*; get thee from our trayne;
Nor, with thy lims, this ſacred Fountayne ſtayne.
This knew the Matron of the Thunderer;
Whoſe thoughts, to fitter times, reuenge defer;
Nor long delayes. For, *Arcas* (which more ſcorne
And griefe prouok't) was of the Lady borne.

Beheld

Beheld with ire, which turn'd her eyes to flame;
Muſt thou be fruitfull too, to blaze my ſhame,
And propagate the wrong? and muſt he be
A liuing infamy to *Ioue* and me?
Ile not indur't: That ſo ſelfe-pleaſing ſhape,
Which drew my husband to thy willing rape,
I ſure ſhall ſpoile. This ſaid; her haire ſhe wound
About her hand, and dragg'd her on the ground.
Her hands, for pitty heau'd (ſo ſmooth, ſo faire!)
Grew forthwith rough, and horrid with black haire.
Her daintie hands (which, ſwift deformity
Conuerts to paws) the place of feet ſupply.
The mouth, ſo prays'd by *Ioue* (that late to ſin
Entic't a God) now horribly doth grin.
And, leſt ſhee might too powrefully beſeech,
Shee inſtantly bereft her of her ſpeech:
In-ſtead whereof, a noyſe aſcends her hoarſe
And rumbling throte, which terror doth inforce.
Although a Beare, her minde ſhee ſtill poſſeſt;
And with continuall grones her griefe expreſt;
With paws ſtretcht vp to heauen, accus'd her fate:
And whom ſhe could not call, ſhe thought ingrate
How oft, afraid to keep the Woods alone,
Sought ſhe the houſe & fields that were her owne!
How often, chac't by the purſuing crie,
Th'affrighted Huntreſſe from her hounds did flie!
Oft ſhee (the Woods wild foragers eſpy'd)
Forgetting what ſhee was, her ſelfe would hide:
A Beare; yet trembles at the ſight of Beares;
And Wolues (her Father then amongſt them) feares.
When (lo!) *Lycaon's* Grand-child thither drew,
Thrice fiue yeares old, nor of his Mother knew.

While

While he purſues the chace and ſaluage ſpoyles
(The *Erimanthian* Woods begirt with toyles)
Her he incounters. *Arcas* ſeen, ſhee ſtay'd,
And would haue ta'ne acquaintance. He, afraid,
Stared vpon her with a conſtant eye;
And backward ſtept, as ſhee approched nye;
About to wound her vndefended breſt.
The King of Gods, who did the fact deteſt,
With them the crime with-drew, and both conuai'd
To heauen; now neighbouring Cõſtellations made.
Saturnia ſweld to ſee her Riuall ſhine
Amongſt the Starres. She ſtoops to *Neptune's* brine;
Gray *Thetis* and the old *Oceanus*
(Grac't by the Deities) accoaſting thus:
Aske you why I, the Queene of Gods, am come
From bleſt aboads? Another holds my roome.
When Nights black mantle ſhal the World infold;
My wounds (thoſe honour'd Stars) you may behold
There, where the ſhorteſt Circle, at the end
Of all the turning Axeltree, doth bend.
Who would not injurie the wife of *Ioue*,
When our worſt puniſhments preferments proue?
How great our act! how is our powre diſplay'd!
Vnform'd a Woman, and a Goddeſſe made.
Thus we the guiltie ſcourge! Thus, thus we our
Reuenge aduance! ſuch, and ſo great our powre!
Let him vnbeaſt the beaſt (as heretofore
Phoronida) and her proud ſhape reſtore,
Why doth he not *Lycaon's* daughter wed,
Reiecting me, and place her in his bed?
But, you who once my carefull Nurſes were,
If my indignities do touch you neere,

Com-

Command you that the ſeuen *Triones* keep
Their lazie Waine out of your ſacred Deep.
Frō thence, thoſe ſtars, the price of whordom, driue;
Nor let th'impure in your pure Surges diue.
They both aſſent. Her Peacocks to the skyes
Their Goddeſſe draw; late ſtuck with *Argus* eyes.
Thou too, thou prating Rauen, turn'd as late
From white to black, by well-deſerued Fate
(The ſpotleſſe ſiluer Doue was not more white,
Nor Swans which in the running brooks delight:
Nor yet that vigilant Fowle, whoſe gaggling ſhall
Hereafter free th'attempted Capitol.)
Thy tongue, thy tell-tale tongue, did thee vndo:
And vvhat was white, is now of ſable hew.
The Palme, *Coronis*, of *Lariſſa*, bare
From all th'*Æmonian* Dames for matchleſſe faire.
Who dearly, *Delphian*, was belou'd by thee;
As long as chaſte, or from detection free.
But, *Phœbus* Bird her ſcapes did ſoon deſcrie:
Nor could they charme th'inexorable Spie:
Whom, flying to his Lord, the Crowe purſews
(As talkatiue as he) to know the news;
And, knowing, ſaid: Thy ſelfe thou do'ſt ingage
By thankleſſe ſeruice: ſlight not my preſage.
Know vvhat I was, and am: through all my time
My actions ſift: thou'lt find my faith my crime.
For, *Pallas*, on a day, in cheſt compos'd
Of *Attick* Oſiars, priuately inclos'd
Her *Erichthonius* (vvhom no Woman bare)
Committed to the cuſtodie and care
Of three fair Virgin Nymphs, that daughters were
To prudent *Cecrops*, vvho two ſhapes did beare:
Nor

Nor told vvhat it contayn'd; but, charg'd that they
Her ſecrets ſhould not to themſelues betray.
Theſe from an Elme I (vneſpy'd) eſpy.
Faire *Herſe* and *Pandroſa* faithfully
Performe their charge. *Aglauros* then doth call
Her fearfull ſiſters, and vntyes with-all
The vvicker Cabinet; vvhich did contayne
An infant, rayſed on a Dragon's trayne.
This, I my Goddeſſe told; and, for reward,
Am now caſhiered from *Minerua's* Guard,
The Bird of Night preferd. Beware by mee:
Nor too officiouſly tell all you ſee.
Perhaps, you thinke, I to that place aſpir'd
Without her grace; vnſought-to, or deſir'd:
Should you aske *Pallas*, and her anger by;
Though more then angrie, this ſhee vvould deny,
Me had King *Coroneus*, great in fame
Through happy *Phocis*, by a royall Dame.
Rich ſuters I (deſpiſe me not) had ſtore.
My beautie wrackt me. Walking on the ſhore,
As leaſurely as now I vſe to goe,
Cold *Neptune* ſaw me, and vvith luſt did glowe.
The time, his pray'rs, and prayſes ſpent in vaine;
What vvould not yeeld, he offers to conſtraine;
And follows me that fled. The harder ſtrand
Behind me left, and tyr'd with yeelding ſand,
To Gods and Men I crie. No humane aid
Was then at hand: a Maid releeues a Maid.
For, as to heauen my trembling armes I threw;
My armes cole-black vvith houering feathers grew.
My Robe I from my ſhoulders thought to throwe:
But, that vvas plume, and to my skin did growe.

With

With hands to beat my naked breſt, I trie:
But, neither breſt to beat, nor hands, had I:
Running, in ſand I ſunke not as before;
But, me the ſcarce-toucht Earth, vnburden'd, bore.
Forth-with, I lightly through the Ayre aſcend;
And on *Minerua*, without blame, attend.
But, vvhat vvas this; when ſhee, whoſe wicked deeds
Vnwoman'd her, in our loſt grace ſucceeds;
For, know (no more then through all *Lesbos* ſpred)
Nictimène defil'd her Father's bed.
Though now a Bird; yet, full of guilt, the ſight,
The Day, ſhe ſhuns, and masks her ſhame in Night.
About her, all our winged troops repayre;
And, with inuectiues, chace her through the Ayre.
To her, the Rauen: Miſchiefe thee ſurpriſe
For ſtaying me. Vaine Omen's I deſpiſe;
Then, forward flew; and told the hurtfull truth
Of loſt *Coronis*, and th'*Æmonian* Youth.
The harp drops from his hand: and from his head
The Laurell fell: his chearfull colour fled.
Tranſported with his rage, his bow he tooke,
And with ineuitable arrow ſtrooke
That breſt which he ſo oft to his had ioyn'd,
Shee ſhreeks; and from the deadly vvound doth winde
The biting ſteele, purſu'd with ſtreams of blood,
That bath'd her pure white in a crimſon Flood;
And ſaid: Though this be dew, yet, *Phœbus*, I
Might firſt haue teem'd: now, two in one muſt die.
She faints: forc't life in her blood's torrent ſwims:
And ſtifning cold benums her ſenſeleſſe lims.

His crueltie, to her he lou'd, too late
He now repenteth, and him-ſelfe doth hate
Who lent an eare, whom rage could ſo incenſe:
He hates his Bird, by whom he knew the offence:
He hates his Art, his Quiuer, and his Bowe;
Then, takes her vp, and all his skill doth ſhowe.
But (ah!) too late to vanquiſh Fate he tries;
And ſurgerie, without ſucceſſe, applies.
Which when he ſaw, and ſaw the funerall pyle
Prepared to deuour ſo deare a ſpoyle;
Since no cœleſtiall eye may ſhed a teare,
He fetcht a grone, that made Earth grone to heare;
And now vncar'd-for odours powr'd vpon her;
And vndue death with all due rites doth honour.
But, *Phœbus*, not induring that his ſeed
(And that by her) the greedie Fire ſhould feed,
Snatcht it both from her womb, & from the flame;
And to the two-ſhap't *Chiron* brought the ſame.
The white-plum'd Rauen, who reward expects,
He turnes to black; and for his truth reiects.
It pleas'd the Halfe-horſe to be ſo imploy'd;
Who in his honorable trouble ioy'd.
Behold: the *Centaur's* daughter with red haire,
Whom formerly the Nymph *Caricle* bare
By the ſwift Riuer, and *Ocyroë* nam'd,
Who had her Father's healthfull Art diſclaym'd,
To ſing the depth of Fates; Now, when her breſt
Was by the propheeying rage poſſeſt,
And that th'included God inflam'd her mind;
Beholding of the Babe, ſhe thus diuin'd.
Health giuer to the World, grow Infant, grow;
To whom mortalitie ſo much ſhall owe.

Fled

Fled Soules thou ſhalt reſtore to their aboads;
And once againſt the pleaſure of the Gods.
To doe the like, thy Grand-ſires flames denie:
And thou, begotten by a God, muſt die.
Thou, of a bloodleſſe corſe, a God ſhalt bee:
And Nature twice ſhall be renew'd in thee.
And you, deare Father, not a Mortall now;
To whom the Fates eternitie allow;
Shall wiſh to die, then when your vvound ſhall ſmart
With Serpents blood, and ſlight your helpleſſe Art.
Relenting Fates will pitty you vvith death,
Againſt their Law, and ſtop your groning breath.
Not all yet ſaid, her ſighs in ſtormes ariſe;
And ill-aboding teares burſt from her eyes.
Then, thus: My Fates prevent me: lo, they tie
My faltering tongue, and farther ſpeech denie.
Alas! theſe Arts not of that valew be
That they ſhould draw the wrath of Heauen on me!
O, rather would I nothing had fore-knowne!
My lookes ſeeme now not humane, nor my owne.
I long to feed on graſſe: I long to run
About the ſpacious fields. Woe's me, vndon!
Into a Mare (my kindred's ſhape) I grow.
Yet, vvhy throughout? my Father but halfe ſo.
The end of her complaint you ſcarce could heare
To vnderſtand: her words confuſed were.
Forth-with, nor vvords, nor neighings, ſhe expreſt;
Her voyce yet more inclining to the beaſt:
Then, neigh'd out-right. Within a little ſpace,
Her down-thruſt armes vpon the Meadow paſe.

Her fingers ioyne: one hoofe fiue nayles vnite:
Her head and neck enlarge, not now vp right:
Her trayling garment to a trayne extends:
Her dangling haire vpon her creſt deſcends:
Her voyce and ſhape at once transform'd became:
And to the prodigie they giue a name.
The Hero weeps; and, *Phœbus*, vainly cryes
On thee to change the changeleſſe Deſtinies.
Admit thou could'ſt: thee, from thy ſelfe expeld,
Then *Elis*, and *Meſſenian* paſtures held.
It vvas the time, vvhen cloth'd in Neat-herds weeds
Thou play'dſt vpon vnequall ſeuen-fold Reeds.
Whil'ſt thee thy Pipe delights, whil'ſt cares of loue
Thy ſoule poſſeſſe, and other cares remoue;
Without a guard the *Pylian* Oxen ſtray.
Obſerued by the craftie ſonne of *May*,
Forthwith he ſecretly conueighs them thence,
In vntrackt Woods concealing his offence.
None ſaw but *Battus*, in that Country bred;
Who wealthy *Neleus* famous horſes fed.
Him onely he miſdoubts: then, (ta'ne a-part)
Stranger, ſaid *Mercury*) what-ere thou art,
If any for this Herd by chance inquire,
Conceale thy knowledge: and receiue, for hire,
This vvhite-hair'd Cow. Hee tooke her, and reply'd,
Be ſafe; thy theft ſhall ſooner be deſcry'd
By yonder ſtone, then me; and ſhew'd a ſtone.
Ioue's ſonne departs, and ſtraight returns vnknowne
(A ſeeming Clowne in forme and voice) who ſaid:
Saw'ſt thou no cattel through theſe fields conuay'd?
De-

Detect my theft; in their recouerie ioyne:
And, lo, this Heefer with her Bull is thine.
He (the reward redoubl'd) answer'd: There
Beneath those hills, beneath those hills they were.
Then, *Hermes*, laughing lowd; What, knaue, I say,
Me to my selfe; me to my selfe betray?
Then, to a Touch-stone turn'd his perjur'd breast;
Whose nature now is in that name exprest.
Hence, he, who beares the Caduceus, springs
Through boundlesse ayre; and views, from stretcht-out wings,
Munychian fields, *Minerua's* loued soyle,
Lycæum, exerciz'd with learned toyle.
By chance, vpon that day it did befall,
When to her Fane, prepar'd for festiuall,
In crowned baskets on their shining haire,
The Virgin-trayne her sacrifices bare,
Returning; these the winged God doth view;
Who not forth-right, but in a circuit flew.
As when a greedie Kite fresh entrailes spies,
And feares to stoop for those that sacrifice,
Strikes circles through the Ayre, nor far remoues;
But, with fixt eyes reuerts to what he loues:
So, swift *Cyllenius* o're the *Attick* towrs,
In ayrie windings circularly scowrs.
As *Lucifer* out-shines each other Starre;
As siluer *Phœbe*, *Lucifer*; so farre
Did *Herse* all the other Virgins stayne;
The glorie of that pomp, and of her trayne.
Loue-struck, he burnes as in the Ayre he hung.
A bullet by *Balarian* Slinger flung,

Increaſeth ſo in feruor as it flyes,
And findes the fire it had not, in the skyes.
From Heauen, he ſtoops to more affected Earth,
Nor now diſguis'd like one of humane birth:
Such confidence his beautious parts impart:
Which, though diuine, he ſtriues to grace by Art.
He curls his haire; his mantle, wrought with gold,
He in the moſt becomming garb doth fold,
And his fine feet adorns; then, in his hand
Takes his ſleep-cauſing and expelling wand.
Three roomes there were within the fair conteſt
Of *Cecrop's* houſe, with Iuory arches deckt.
Pandroſa and *Aglauros* on each ſide
Of *Herſe* lay, *Aglauros* firſt eſpy'd
The fly approching *Mercurie*: his name
Shee boldly asks, and why he thither came.
To whom, *Pleione's* nephew: He am I
Who on *Ioue's* errands (*Ioue*, my Father) flie.
And to be plaine; to *Herſe* faithfull proue:
And be an Aunt vnto our fruitfull loue.
Thy ſiſter's beauties this repaire inforce:
I pray thee, of a Louer take remorſe.
So ſtar'd ſhee on him, and as much amaz'd,
As when ſhee on *Minerua's* ſecrets gaz'd;
Who asks a maſſe of treaſure for her hire;
And, till 'twere payd, conſtrayn'd him to retire.
Warres angrie Goddeſſe caſt on her a looke
That darted fire; and ſetcht a ſigh which ſhooke
Her boſom, vvith the *Ægis* which ſhee wore;
Who cals to minde, how ſhee, not long afore,
Profanely did, againſt her faith, diſcouer
The *Lemnian* iſſue, borne without a Mother;

Now

Now to her ſiſter, to the God ingrate;
And by ſo baſe a meanes to inrich her ſtate!
Forth-with to Enuie's caue her courſe ſhee bent,
Furr'd with black filth, within a deep deſcent
Between two hills; vvhere *Phœbus* neuer ſhowes
His chearfull face; vvhere no winde euer blowes;
Repleat with ſadneſſe, and vnactiue cold;
Deuoid of fire, yet ſtill in ſmoake enrowl'd.
Whither vvhen as the fear'd in battell came,
Shee ſtaid before the houſe (that hatefull frame
Shee might not enter) and the darke doore ſtrooke
With her bright lance; vvhich ſtraight in ſunder broke.
There ſaw ſhee Enuie lapping Vipers blood;
And feeding on their fleſh, her vices food;
And, hauing ſeen her, turn'd-away her eyes.
The, Catiſe ſlowly from the ground doth riſe
(Her halfe-deuoured Serpents laid-aſide)
And forward creepeth vvith a lazie ſtride.
Viewing her forme ſo faire; her armes, ſo bright,
Shee gron'd, and ſigh't at ſuch a chearfull ſight.
Her body more then meger; pale her hew;
Her teeth all ruſty; ſtill ſhee looks askew.
Her breaſt vvith gall, her tongue vvith poyſon ſweld:
Shee only laught, when ſhee ſad ſights beheld,
Her euer-waking cares exil'd ſoft ſleep:
Who looks on good ſucceſſe, with eyes that weep;
Repining, pines: who, wounding others, bleeds;
And on her ſelfe reuengeth her miſdeeds.
Although *Tritonia* did the Hag deteſt;
Yet briefely thus her pleaſure ſhee expreſt:

Aglauros, one of the *Cecropides*,
Doe thou infeſt with thy accurſt diſeaſe.
This ſaid; the haſtie Goddeſſe doth aduance
Her body, vvith her earth-repulſing lance.
Enuie purſues her with a wicked eye,
Much grieu'd at her preuayling induſtrie.
Wrapt in darke clouds, which way ſo ere ſhe turns,
The Corne ſhe lodges, flowry paſtures burns,
Crops what growes high; Towns, Nations, with her breath
Pollutes; and vertue perſecutes to death. (breath
When ſhee the faire *Athenian* towres beheld,
Which ſo in wealth, in learned Arts exceld,
And feaſtfull Peace; to crie ſhee ſcarce forbeares,
In that ſhee ſaw no argument for teares.
When ſhee *Aglauros* lodging entred had,
Shee gladly executes what *Pallas* bade:
Her cancred hand vpon her breſt ſhee lay'd,
And crooked thornes into her heart conuay'd,
And breath'd in baneſull poyſon; which ſhe ſheads
Into her bones, and through her liuer ſpreads.
And that her enuy might not want a cauſe,
The God in his diuineſt forme ſhee drawes;
And, with it, ſets before her wounded eyes
Her happy ſiſter, and their nuptiall ioyes;
Augmenting all. Theſe ſecret woes excite
And gnaw her ſoule. Shee ſighs all day, all night;
And with a ſlow infection melts away,
Like Ice before the Sunnes vncertayne ray.
Faire *Herſe's* happy ſtate ſuch heart-burne breeds
In her black boſom, as when ſpiny weeds
Are ſet on fire; which vvithout flame conſume,
And ſeem (ſo ſmall their heat) to burne with fume.

Oft

Oft ſhee reſolues to die, ſuch ſights to ſhun:
Oft, by diſcloſing, to haue both vndon.
Now ſits ſhee on the threſhold, to preuent
The Gods acceſſe; vvho, with loſt blandiſhment,
And his beſt Art, perſwades. Quoth ſhe; forbeare,
I cannot be remou'd, if you ſtay here.
I to this bargayn, he reply'd, will ſtand;
The doore then forces with his figured wand.
Striuing to riſe, to ſecond her debate,
Her hips could not remoue; preſt with dull waight.
Againe ſhee ſtruggl'd to haue ſtood on end:
But, thoſe vnſupple ſinews vvould not bend.
Incroching cold now enters at her nayles:
And lack of blood her veines blew branches pales.
And as a Canker, ſlighting helpleſſe Arts,
Creeps from th'infected to the ſounder parts:
So by degrees the winter of wan Death
Congeales the parts of life, and ſtops her breath:
Nor ſtroue ſhe. Had ſhe ſtroue to make her mone,
Voyce had no vvay, her neck and face now ſtone.
There ſhee a bloodleſſe Statue ſate, all freckt:
Her ſpotted minde the marble did infect.

When *Atlantiades*, on her, profane
Of tongue and heart, this ſharp reuenge had ta'ne;
He from the Citie, nam'd by *Pallas*, flew
On mounting wings, and vnto heauen vvith-drew.
With whom, *Ione* thus (his loue concealing) ioynes:
Thou, faithfull Miniſter to my deſignes,
Shoot ſwiftly through the Ayre vnto that Land,
Whoſe Northern coaſts beneath thy Mother ſtand,
Which thoſe Inhabitants *Sidonia* name;
Behold, you royall Herd: conduct the ſame,

From not-farre diſtant Mountaynes, to the ſhore.
This he diſpatcht, vvith ſpeed that went before
A humane thought. There, oft the princely Maid,
Accompany'd vvith *Tyrian* Virgins, play'd.
Loue and high Maieſtie agree not vvell;
Nor will together in one boſom dwell.
That Powre, from whom, vvhat-ere hath being, ſprings;
That King of Gods, vvho three fork't lightning flings;
Whoſe nod the World's vnfixt foundation ſhakes,
The figure of a ſouleleſſe Bull now takes:
And, lowing, vvalks vpon the tender graſſe
Amongſt the Herd; though he in forme ſurpaſſe:
His colour whiter then vntrodden ſnow,
Before ſtil-moyſt and thawing *Auſter* blow.
The fleſh, in ſwelling rowles, adornes his neck:
His broad-ſpred breſt long dangling dew-laps deck.
His hornes, though ſmall, yet ſuch as Art inuite
To imitate, then ſhining gemmes more bright.
His eyes no wrath, his brows no terror threat:
His whole aſpect vvith ſmiling peace repleat.
The beaſt, *Agenors* daughter doth admire,
So wondrous beautifull, ſo void of ire.
Though ſuch, at firſt ſhe his approach did dread,
Yet forthwith toucht & then with flowres him fed.
The Louer ioyes: till he his hopes might feaſt,
He kiſt her hands; ah, ſcarce defers the reſt!
Now, on the ſpringing graſſe, he friſks and playes:
His ſides now on the golden ſands he layes.
Her feare ſubdu'd, ſhee ſtrokes his proffred breſt:
Her Virgin-hands his hornes with garlands dreſt.

The

The royall Maid, who now no courage lackt,
Aſcends the Bull, not knowing whom ſhee backt.
He, to the Sea approaching, by degrees
Firſt dips therein his hoofs, anon his knees;
Then, ruſhing forward, beares away the prize.
Shee ſhreeks, and to the ſhore reuerts her eyes:
One hand his horne, the other held behind;
Her lighter garments ſwelling with the wind.

O-

OVID's METAMORPHOSIS.

The third Booke.

ARGVMENT.

Arm'd troops from Dragons late-ſowne teeth ariſe.
By his owne Hounds the Hart Actæon dyes.
Iuno, *a Beldame.* Semele *doth frie*
In wiſht imbraces. Bacchus *from* Ioue's *thigh*
Takes ſecond birth. The wiſe Tireſias *twice*
Doth change his ſex. Scorn'd Echo *pines to a voice:*
Selfe-lou'd Narciſſus *to a Daffadill.*
Bacchus, *a Boy. The* Tyrrhans *ſhip ſtands ſtill,*
VVith Iuy mor'd. Strange ſhapes the Saylers fright:
VVho Dolphines turne, and ſtill in ſhips delight.

AND now the God, arriuing with his Rape
At ſacred *Creet*, reſumes his heauenly ſhape.
The King, his ſonne to ſeeke his daughter ſent,
Fore-doomed to perpetuall baniſhment,
Except his fortune to his wiſh ſucceed:
How pious, & how impious in one deed! (quire:)
Earth wandred-through (*Ioue's* thefts who can ex-
He ſhuns his Country, and his Father's ire;
With *Phœbus* Oracle conſults, to know
What Land the Fates intended to beſtow.
Who, thus: In deſert fields obſerue a Cow,
Yet neuer yoakt, nor ſeruile to the plow:

Follow

Follow her ſlowe conduct: and where ſhee ſhall
Repoſe, there build: the place *Bœotia* call.
Scarce *Cadmus* from *Caſtalian* Caues deſcended,
When he a Heifer ſaw, by no man tended,
Her neck vngall'd with groning ſeruitude.
The God ador'd, he foot by foot purſew'd.
Cephiſus flood, and *Panope* now paſt,
Shee made a ſtand; to heauen her fore-head caſt,
With lofty horns moſt exquiſitely faire;
Then, with repeated lowings fild the Ayre;
Looks back vpon the company ſhee led;
And, kneeling, makes the tender graſſe her bed.
Thanks-giuing *Cadmus* kiſt the vnknowne ground;
The ſtranger fields and hills ſaluting round.
About to ſacrifice to heauen's high King,
He ſends for water from the liuing Spring.
A Wood there was which neuer Axe did hew.
In it, a Caue, where Reeds and Oſiers grew,
Rooft with a rugged Arch by Nature wrought;
With pregnant waters plentifully fraught.
The lurking Snake of *Mars* this Holde poſſeſt;
Bright ſcal'd, and ſhining with a golden creſt;
His bulk, with poyſon ſwolne; fire-red, his eyes:
Three darting tongues, three ranks of teeth cõpriſe.
This fatall Well th'vnlucky *Tyrians* found;
Who with their down-let Pitcher, rays'd a ſound:
With that, the Serpent his blew head extends;
And ſuffering Ayre with horrid hiſſes rends.
The water from them fell: their colour fled:
Who all, aſtoniſht, ſhook with ſudden dread.
He wreaths his ſcaly foldes into a heape;
And fetcht a compaſſe with a mightie leape;

Then,

Then, bolt-vpright his monſtrous length diſplayes
More then halfe way; and all the Woods ſuruayes.
Whoſe body, when all ſeene, no leſſe appeares,
Then that which parts the two cœleſtiall Beares.
Whether the *Tyrians* ſought to fight, or flie,
Or whether they through feare could neither trie;
Some craſht he 'twixt his jawes; ſom claſpt to death;
Some kils with poyſon; others, with his breath.
And now the Sunne the ſhorteſt ſhadowes made.
Then, *Cadmus*, wondring why his ſeruants ſtay'd,
Their foot-ſteps trac't. A hide the Hero's wore,
Which late he from a ſlaughtred Lyon tore.
His Arms a dart, a bright ſteele-pointed Speare;
And ſuch a minde as could not ſtoope to feare.
When he the Wood had entred, and there view'd
The bodies of the ſlaine with blood imbrew'd;
Th'inſulting Victor quenching his dire thirſt
At their ſuckt woũds; he ſigh't, as heart would burſt:
Then ſaid; I will reuenge, ô faithfull Mates,
Your murders, or accompany your Fates.
With that, he lifteth vp a mightie ſtone,
Which with a more then manly force was throwne.
What would haue batter'd down the ſtrongeſt wall,
And ſhiuered towres, doth giue no wound at all.
The hardneſſe of his skin, and ſcales that growe
Vpon his armed back, repulſe the blowe.
And yet that ſtrong defence could not ſo well
The vigour of his thrilling Dart repell;
Which through his winding back a paſſage rends;
There ſticks: the ſteele into his guts deſcends.
Rabid with anguiſh, he retorts his looke
Vpon the wound; and then the jauelin tooke
Be-

Betweene his teeth: it euery way doth winde:
At length, tugg'd out, yet leaues the head behind.
His rage increast with his augmenting paines:
And his thick-panting throte swels with full veines.
A cold white froth surrounds his poys'nous jaws.
On thundring Earth his trayling scales he draws:
Who from his black and *Stygian* maw eiects
A blasting breath, which all the grasse infects.
His body, now he circularly bends;
Forthwith, into a monstrous length extends;
Then rusheth on, like showr-incensed Floods;
And with his brest ore-beares the obuious Woods.
The Prince gaue way; who with the Lyons spoyle
Sustayn'd th'assault; and fore't a quick recoyle,
His Lance fixt in his jaws. What could not feele
He madly wounds, and bites the biting steele.
Th'inuenom'd gore, which from his palate bled,
Conuerts the grasse into a duskie red:
Yet, slight the hurt in that the Snake with-drew;
And so, by yeelding, did the force subdew;
Till *Agenorides* the steele imbrew'd
In his wide throte, and still his thrust pursew'd.
At length, an Oke his back-retrait with-stood:
There, he his neck transfixt: with it, the Wood.
The Tree bends with a burden so vnknowne;
And, lashed by the Serpents taile, doth grone.
While he suruay'd the hugenesse of his foe,
This voyce he heard (frō whence he did not knowe)
Why is that Serpent so admir'd by thee?
Agenor's sonne, a Serpent thou shalt bee.
He speechlesse grew: pale feare repeld his blood;
And now vncurled haire like bristles stood.

Be-

Behold: mans Fautreſſe, *Pallas* (from the sky,
Deſcending to his needfull aide) ſtood by:
Who bade him in the turn'd-vp furrows throwe
The Serpents teeth; that future men might growe.
He, as commanded, plow'd the patient Earth:
And therein ſow'd the ſeeds of humane birth.
Lo (paſt beliefe!) the Clods began to moue:
And tops of Lances firſt appear'd aboue:
Then, Helmets, nodding with their plumed Creſts:
Forth-with, refulgent Pouldrons, plated Breſts,
Hands, with offenſiue weapons charg'd, inſew:
And Target-bearing troops of Men vp-grew.
So in our Theaters ſolemnities,
When they the Arras rayſe, the Figures riſe.
Afore the reſt, their faces firſt appeare:
By little and by little then they reare
Their bodies, with a meaſure-keeping hand,
Vntill their feet vpon the border ſtand.
Bold *Cadmus*, though much daunted at the ſight
Of ſuch an Hoſt, addreſt him to the fight.
Forbeare (a new-borne Souldier cry'd) to ingage
Thy better fortune in our ciuill rage!
With that, he on his earth-bred brother flew:
At whom, a deadly dart another threw.
Nor he that kild him long ſuruiues his death;
But, through wide wounds expires his infant breath.
Slaughter, with equall furie, runs through all:
And by vnciuill ciuill blowes they fall.
The new-ſprung Youth, who hardly life poſſeſt,
Now panting, kick their Mother's bloody breſt.
But fiue ſuruiu'd: of whom *Echion* one,
His Armes to earth by *Pallas* counſell throwne,

He

He craues the loue he offers. All accord
As Brothers ſhould; and what they take, afford.
Sidonian Cadmus theſe aſſiſt, to build
His loftie walls; the Oracle fulfild.
Now flouriſht *Thebes:* now did thy exile proue
In ſhew a bleſſing; thoſe that rule in loue
And warre, thy Nuptials with their daughter grace:
By ſuch a Wife to haue ſo faire a race;
So many ſonnes and daughters; nephews too
(The pledges of their peacefull beds) inſew;
And they now growne to excellence and powre.
But, Man muſt cenſur'd be by his laſt houre:
Whom truly we can neuer happy call,
Afore his death, and cloſing funerall.
In this thy euery way ſo proſperous ſtate,
Thy firſt miſſe-hap ſprang from thy Nephews fate;
Whoſe brows vnnaturall branches ill adorne;
By his vngratefull dogs in peeces torne.
Yet fortune did offend in him; not he:
For, what offence may in an error be?
With purple blood, ſlaine Deare the Hills imbrew:
And now high Noon the ſhades of things withdrew;
While Eaſt and Weſt the equall Sunne partake:
Thus, then, *Hyantius* to his Partners ſpake,
That trod the Mazes of the pathleſſe Wood:
My Friends, our nets and jauelins reake with blood:
Enough hath been the fortune of this day:
To morrow, when *Aurora* ſhall diſplay
Her roſie cheeks, we may our ſports renew.
Now, *Phœbus*, with inflaming eye doth view
The crannyed Earth: here let our labour end:
Take vp your toyles. They gladly condeſcend.

A Vale there was, with Pines and Cypreſſe crown'd,
Gargaphie call'd; for *Dian's* loue renown'd.
A ſhady Caue poſſeſt the inward part,
Not wrought by hands: there, Nature witty Art
Did counterfet: a natiue Arch ſhee drew,
With Pumice, and light Topaſes, that grew.
A bubbling Spring, with ſtreams as cleere as glaſſe,
Ran chiding by, inclos'd with matted graſſe.
The weary Huntreſſe vſually here laues
Her Virgin lims, more pure then the pure waues.
And now her Bowe, her Iau'lin, and her Quiuer,
Doth to a Nymph, one of her Squires, deliuer:
Her light impoueriſht Robes another held:
Her Buskins two vntie. The better-skild
Iſmenian Crocale, her long haire wound
In pleited wreathes: yet was her owne vnbound.
Neat *Hyale*, *Niphe*, *Rhanis*, *Phecas* (ſtill
Imploy'd) and *Phiale* the Lauers fill.
While here *Titania* bath'd (as was her guiſe)
Lo, *Cadmus* Nephew, tyr'd with exerciſe, (Groue
And wandring through the Woods, approacht this
Which fatall ſteps: ſo Deſtinie him droue!
Entring the Caue with skipping Springs bedeaw'd:
The Nymphs all naked, when a Man they view'd,
Clapt their reſounding breſts, and fild the Wood
With ſudden ſhreeks: like Iuory pales they ſtood
About their Goddeſſe: but ſhee, far more tall,
By head and ſhoulders ouer-tops them all.
Such as that colour, which the Clouds adorns,
Shot by the Sunne-beams; or the roſie Morn's,
When from her aged Loue ſhee takes her flight:
Such was *Diana's*, taken in that plight.

Although inuiron'd by her Virgin traine,
Shee ſide-long turneth, caſting with diſdayne
A killing looke; and wiſht her deadly Bowe:
But, what ſhee had, ſhee in his face doth throwe.
With vengefull Waters ſprinkled; to her rage
Theſe words ſhe addes, which future Fate preſage:
Now, tell how thou haſt ſeene me diſarray'd;
Tell if thou canſt: I giue thee leaue. This ſaid,
Shee to his neck and eares new length imparts;
To his Browe th'antlers of long-liuing Harts:
His leggs and feet with armes and hands ſupply'd;
And cloth'd his body in a ſpotted hide.
To this, feare added. *Autonoëius* flyes,
And wonders at the ſwiftneſſe of his thighes.
But, when his looks he in the Riuer view'd,
He would haue cry'd, Woe's me! no words inſew'd.
His words were grones. He frets, with galling teares,
Cheeks not his owne; yet his owne mind he beares.
What ſhould he doe? Goe home? or in the Wood
For euer lurke? Feare, this; ſhame that with-ſtood.
While thus he doubts, his Dogs their Maſter view:
Black-foot and *Tracer*, opening firſt, purſew:
Sure *Tracer Gnoſſus*, *Black-foot Sparta* bare.
Then all fell-in, more ſwift then forced Ayre:
Spie, *Rauener*, *Clime-cliffe*; theſe *Arcadia* bred:
Strong *Fawn-bane*, *Whirlwinde*, eager *Follow-dread*;
Hunter, for ſent: for ſpeede, *Flight* went before;
Fierce *Saluage*, lately ſanched by a Bore;
Greedy, with her two whelps, grim Wolf-got *Ranger*;
Stout *Shepherd*, late preſeruing-flocks from danger;
Gaunt *Catch*, whoſe race from *Sicyonia* came;
Patch, *Courſer*, *Blab*, raſh *Tyger* neuer tame;

Blanch,

Blanch, Mourner, Royster, Wolfe surpassing strong;
And *Tempest*, able to continue long;
Swift, with his brother *Chorle*, a *Cyprian* hound;
Bold *Snatch*, whose sable brows a white star cround;
Cole shag-hair'd *Rug*, and *Light-foot* wondrous fleet,
Bred of a *Spartan* Bitch, his Sire of *Creet*:
White-tooth, and *Ring-wood* (others not to expresse.)
O're Rocks, o're Crags, o're Cliffs that want accesse,
Throgh streightned ways, & wher there was no way,
The well-mouth'd hounds pursue the princely prey.
Where oft he wont to follow, now he flyes;
Flyes from his Family! in thought he cryes,
I am *Actæon*; seruants, knowe your Lord! (cord.
Thoughts wanted words. High skyes the noyse re-
First, *Collier* pincht him by the haunch: in flung
Fierce *Kil-deare*: *Hill-bred* on his shoulder hung.
These came forth last; but, croft a nearer way
Athwart the hills. While thus their Lord they stay,
In rush the rest; who gripe him with their phangs.
Now is no room for woúds. Grones speak his pangs,
Though not with humane voyce, vnlike a Hart:
In whose laments the knowne Rocks beare a part.
Pitcht on his knees, like one who pitty craues,
His silent looks, in stead of Armes, he waues.
With vsuall showts their Dogs the Hunters cheare;
And seeke, and call *Actæon*. He (too neare!)
Made answer by mute motions, blam'd of all
For being absent at his present fall.
Present he was, that absent would haue beene;
Nor would his cruell hounds haue felt, but seene.
Their showts they in his body bathe; and teare
Their Master in the figure of a Deare:

Nor,

Nor, till a thousand wounds had life dissels'd,
Could quiuer-bearing *Dian* be appeas'd.
'Twas censur'd variously. For, many thought
The punishment farre greater then the fau't.
Others so sowre a chastitie commend,
As worthy her: and both, their parts defend.
Ioue's wife not so much blam'd or prays'd the deed;
As shee reioyceth at the wounds that bleed
In *Cadmus* Family; who keeps in minde
Europa's rape, and hateth all the kinde.
Now new occasions fresh displeasure moue:
For, *Semele* was great with child by *Ioue*.
Then, thus shee scolds: O, what amends succeeds
Our lost complaints! I now will fall to deeds.
If we be more then titularly great;
If we a Scepter sway; if Heauen our seat;
If *Ioue's* fear'd Wife and Sister (certainly,
His Sister) torment shall the Whore destroy.
Yet, with that theft perhaps shee was content,
And quickly might the iniurie repent:
But, shee conceiues, to aggrauate the blame,
And by her Belly doth her crime proclaime,
Who would by *Iupiter* a Mother proue:
Which, hardly once, hath hapned to our loue:
So confident is beautie! Yet shall he
Deceiue her hopes: nor let me *Iuno* be,
Vnlesse, by her owne *Ioue* destroy'd, shee make
A swift descent vnto the *Stygian* Lake.
Shee quits her Throne, and in a yellow clowd
Approach't the Palace; nor dismist that shrowd,
Till shee had wrinkl'd her smooth skin, and made
Her head all gray: while creeping feet conuay'd

Her

Her crooked lims; her voyce ſmall,weak,& hoarce,
Berõe-like, of *Epidaure*, her Nurſe.
Long talking; at the mention of *Ioue's* name,
Shee ſigh'ts,& ſaid; Pray heauen,he proue the ſame!
Yet much I feare: for,many oft beguile
With that pretext,and chaſteſt beds defile.
Though *Ioue*; that's not enough. Giue he a ſigne
Of his affection, if he be diuine.
Such,and ſo mightie,as when pleaſure warmes
His melting boſome,in high *Iuno's* armes;
With thee,ſuch and ſo mightie,let him lie,
Deckt with the enſignes of his deitie.
Thus ſhee adviz'd the vnſuſpecting Dame;
Who begs of *Ioue* a boone without a name.
To whom the God: Chooſe,and thy choice poſſeſſe.
Yet, that thy diffidency may be leſſe,
Witneſſe that Powre,who through obſcure aboads
Spreads his dull ſtreams: the feare, & God of Gods.
Pleas'd with her harm,of too much powre to moue!
To periſh by the kindneſſe of her Loue:
Such be to me,ſhe ſaid,as when the Invites
Of *Iuno* ſummon you to *Venus* Rites.
Her mouth he ſought to ſtop: but,now that breath
Was mixt with ayre which ſentenced her death.
Then,fetch a ſigh,as if his breſt would teare
(For,ſhee might not vnwiſh,nor he vnſweare)
And ſadly mounts the skie; who with him tooke
The Clouds,that imitate his mournefull looke;
Thick ſhowrs and tempeſts adding to the ſame,
With thunder and ineuitable flame.
Whoſe rigor yet he ſtriueth to ſubdew;
Not armed with that fire which ouerthrew

The

The hundred-handed Giant; 'twas too wilde.
There is an other lightning, far more milde,
By *Cyclops* forged with leſſe flame and ire:
Which, deathleſſe Gods doe call the Second fire.
This, to her Father's houſe, he with him tooke:
But (ah!) a mortall body could not brooke
Æthereall tumults. Her ſucceſſe ſhee mournes;
And in thoſe ſo deſir'd imbracements burnes.
Th'vnperfect Babe, which in her wombe did lie,
Was ta'ne by *Ioue*, and ſew'd into his thigh,
His Mother's time accompliſhing: Whom firſt,
By ſtealth, his carefull Aunt, kinde *Ino*, nurſt:
Then, giuen to the *Nyſeïdes*, and bred
In ſecret Caues, with milke and hony fed.
While this on earth befell by Fates decree
(The twice-born *Bacchus* now from danger free)
Ioue, waightie cares expelling from his breſt
With flowing Nectar, and diſpos'd to ieſt
With well-pleas'd *Iuno*, ſaid: In *Venus* deeds,
The Femal's pleaſure farre the Male's, exceeds.
This ſhee denyes. *Tireſias* muſt decide
The difference, who both delights had try'd.
For, two ingendring Serpents once he found,
And with a ſtroke their ſlimy twiſts vnbound;
Who ſtraight a Woman of a Man became.
Seuen Autumns paſt, he in the eighth the ſame
Refinding, ſaid: If ſuch your powre, ſo ſtrange,
That they who ſtrike you muſt their nature change;
Once more I'le trie. Then, ſtruck, away they ran:
And of a Woman he became a Man.
He, choſen Vmpire of this ſportfull ſtrife,
Ioue's words confirm'd. This vext his froward wife

More

More then the matter crau'd. To wreak her ſpite,
His eyes ſhee muffled in eternall night.
Th'omnipotent (ſince no God may vndoe
An others deed) with Fates which ſhould inſew
Inform'd his Intellect; and did ſupply
His body's eye-ſight, with his mindes cleere eye.
He giuing ſure replyes to ſuch as came,
Through all th'*Aonian* City's ſtretcht his fame.
Firſt, blew *Liriope* ſad triall made
How that was but too true which he had ſaid;
Whom in times paſt *Cephiſus* flood imbrac't
Within his winding ſtreams, and forc't the chaſte.
The louely Nymph (who not vnfruitfull prou'd)
Brought forth a Boy, euen then to be belou'd,
Narciſſus nam'd. Enquiring if old age
Should crowne his Youth; He, in obſcure preſage,
Made this reply: Except himſelfe he knowe.
Long, they no credit on his words beſtowe:
Yet did the euent the prophecie approue,
In his ſtrange ruine, and new kind of loue.
Now, he to twentie added had a yeare:
Now in his looks both Boy and Man appeare.
Many a loue-ſick Youth did him deſire;
And many a Maid his beautie ſet on fire:
Yet, in his tender age his pride was ſuch,
That neither Youth nor Mayden might him touch.
The vocall Nymph, this louely Boy did ſpy
(Shee could nor proffer ſpeech, nor not reply)
When buſie in purſuite of ſaluage ſpoyles,
He draue the Deere into his corded toyles.
Eccho was then a Body, not a voyce:
Yet then, as now, of words ſhee wanted choyce;

But

But onely could reiterate the cloſe
Of euery ſpeech. This, *Iuno* did impoſe.
For, often when ſhee might haue taken *Ioue*,
Compreſſing there the Nymphs, who weakly ſtroue;
Her long diſcourſes made the Goddeſſe ſtay
Vntill the Nymphs had time to run-away.
Which when perceiu'd; ſhee ſaid, For this abuſe
Thy tongue henceforth ſhall be of little vſe.
Thoſe threats are deeds: Shee yet ingeminates
The laſt of ſounds, and what ſhee heares relates.
Narciſſus ſeene, intending thus the chace,
Shee forth-with glowes; and, with a noyſeleſſe paſe,
His ſteps purſues: the more ſhee did purſew,
More hot (as neerer to her fire) ſhee grew;
And might be likened to a ſulph'rous match:
Which inſtantly th'approched flame doth catch.
How oft vvould ſhee haue vvoo'd him vvith ſweet (words!
But, Nature no ſuch libertie affords:
Begin ſhee could not, yet full readily
To his expected ſpeech ſhee would reply.
The Boy, from his Companions parted, ſaid;
Is any nigh? I, *Eccho* anſwer made.
He, round about him gazed (much appall'd)
And cryd out, Come. Shee him, who called, call'd.
Then looking back; and ſeeing none appear'd,
Why ſhunſt thou mee? The ſelfe-ſame voyce hee (heard.
Deceiued by the Image of his words,
Then let vs ioyne, ſaid he; no ſound accords
More to her wiſh: her faculties combine
In deare conſent; vvho anſwer'd, *Let vs ioyne!*
Flattering her ſelfe, out of the Woods ſhe ſprung,
And would about his ſtruggling neck haue hung.

Thruſt back; he ſaid, life ſhall this breſt forſake,
Ere thou, light Nymph, on me thy pleaſure take.
On me thy pleaſure take; the Nymph replyes,
To that diſdainfull Boy, who from her flyes.
Deſpiz'd; the Wood her ſad retreat receaues:
Who couers her aſhamed face with leaues;
And ſculks in deſert Caues. Loue ſtill poſſeſt
Her ſoule; through griefe of her repulſe, increaſt.
Her wretched body pines with ſleepleſſe care:
Her skin contracts: her blood conuerts to ayre.
Nothing was left her now but voyce and bones.
The voyce remaynes; the other turne to ſtones.
Conceal'd in Woods, in Mountaynes neuer found,
Shee's heard of all: and all is but a ſound.

Thus her, thus other Nymphs, in mountayns born,
And ſedgy brooks the Boy had kild with ſcorn.
Thus many a Youth he had afore deceau'd:
Whē one thus prai'd, with hāds to heau'n vpheau'd;
So may he loue himſelfe, and ſo deſpaire!
Rhamnuſia condeſcends to his iuſt pray'r.

A Spring there was, whoſe ſiluer Waters were
As ſmooth as any mirror, nor leſſe cleare:
Which neither Herds-men, tame, nor ſaluage Beaſt,
Nor wandring Fowle, nor ſcattered leaues moleſt;
Girt roūd with graſſe, by neighboring moyſture fed,
And Woods, againſt the Sunnes inuaſion ſpred.
He, tyr'd with heat and hunting, with the Place
And Spring delighted, lyes vpon his face.
Quenching his thirſt, another thirſt doth riſe,
Rays'd by the forme which in that glaſſe he ſpyes.
The hope of nothing doth his powres inuade:
And for a body he miſtakes a ſhade.

Him-

Himſelfe, himſelfe diſtracts: vvho pores thereon
So fixedly, as if of *Parian* ſtone;
Beholds his eyes, two ſtarres! his dangling haire
Which vvith vnſhorn *Apollo's* might compare!
His fingers worthy *Bacchus*! his ſmooth chin!
His Iuory neck! his heauenly face! where-in
The linked Deities their Graces fix!
Where Roſes vvith vnſullied Lillyes mix!
Admireth all; for vvhich, to be admir'd;
And vnconſiderately himſelfe deſir'd.
The prayſes, vvhich he giues, his beautie claym'd:
Who ſeeks, is ſought: th'Inflamer is inflam'd.
How often vvould he kiſſe the flattering Spring!
How oft vvith downe-thruſt arms ſought he to cling
About that loued neck! Thoſe cous'ning lips
Delude his hopes; and from himſelfe he ſlips.
Not knowing vvhat, vvith vvhat he ſees he fryes:
And th'error that deceiues, incites his eyes.
O Foole! that ſtriu'ſt to catch a flying ſhade!
Thou ſeek'ſt what's no-where: Turn aſide, 'twil vade.
Thy formes reflexion doth thy ſight delude:
Which is vvith nothing of its owne indu'd.
With thee it comes; vvith thee it ſtayes: and ſo
'Twould goe away, hadſt thou the powre to go.
Nor ſleep, nor hunger could the Louer rayſe:
Who, lay'd along, on that falſe forme doth gaze
With looks, vvhich looking neuer could ſuffiſe;
And ruinates himſelfe vvith his owne eyes.
At length, a little lifting vp his head;
You Woods, that round about your brãches ſpred,
Was euer ſo vnfortunate a Louer!
You know, to many you haue beene a couer,

From your firſt growth to this long diſtant day
Haue yon knowne any, thus to pine away!
I like, and ſee: but yet I cannot find
The lik't, and ſeene. O Loue with error blind!
What grieues me more? no Sea, no Mountayn ſteep,
No vvayes, no vvals, our ioyes a-ſunder keep;
Whom but a little vvater doth diuide:
And he himſelfe deſires to be inioy'd.
As oft as I to kiſſe the flood decline,
So oft his lips aſcend, to cloſe with mine.
You'ld thinke we toucht: ſo ſmall a thing doth part
Our equall loues! Come forth, what ere thou art.
Sweet Boy, a ſimple Boy beguile not ſo:
From him that ſeeks thee, whither would'ſt thou go?
My age nor beautie merit thy diſdaine:
And me the Nymphs haue often lou'd in vaine:
Yet in thy friendly ſhewes my poore hopes liue;
Still ſtriuing to receiue the hand I giue:
Thou ſmil'ſt my ſmiles: vvhen I a teare let fall,
Thou ſhedd'ſt an other; and conſent'ſt in all.
And, lo, thy ſweetly-mouing lips appeare
To vtter words, that come not to our eare.
Ah, He is I! now, now I plainly ſee:
Nor is't my ſhaddow that bewitcheth mee.
With loue of me I burne; (ô too too ſure!)
And ſuffer in thoſe flames which I procure.
Shall I be woo'd, or wooe? What ſhall I craue;
Since what I couet, I already haue.
Too much hath made me poore! O, you diuine
And fauoring Powres, me from my ſelfe diſ-ioyne!
Of what I loue, I would be diſpoſſeſt:
This, in a Louer, is a ſtrange requeſt!

Now,

Now, strégth through grief decayes: short is the time
I haue to liue; extinguisht in my Prime.
Nor grieues it me to part with well-mist breath;
For griefe will find a perfect cure in death:
Would he I loue might longer life inioy!
Now, two ill-fated Louers, in one, die.
This said; againe vpon his image gaz'd:
Teares on the tronbled vvater circles rais'd:
The motion much obscur'd the fleeting shade.
With that, he cry'd (perceiuing it to vade)
O, vvhither vvilt thou! stay: nor cruell proue,
In leauing me vvho infinitely loue.
Yet let me see, vvhat cannot be possest;
And, vvith that emptie food, my fury feast.
Complayning thus, himselfe he disarrayes;
And to remorseleese hands his brest displayes:
The blowes that solid snowe with crimson stripe;
Like Apples party-red, or Grapes scarce ripe.
But, in the vvater vvhen the same appeare,
He could no longer such a sorrow beare.
As Virgin vvax dissolues vvith feruent heat;
Or morning-froft, vvhereon the Sunne-beams beat:
So thawes he vvith the ardor of desire:
And, by degrees, consumes in vnseene fire.
His meger cheeks now lost their red and vvhite;
That life, that fauour lost, vvhich did delight.
Nor those diuine proportions now remaine,
So much by *Eccho* lately lou'd in vaine.
Which vvhen shee saw; although shee angry vvere,
And still in minde her late repulse did beare;
As often as the miserable cry'd,
Alas! Alas, the vvofull Nymph reply'd;

And euer vvhen he ſtruck his ſounding breſt,
Like ſounds of mutuall ſufferance expreſt.
His laſt vvords vvere, ſtill hanging o're his ſhade,
Ah, Boy, belou'd in vaine! ſo *Eccho* ſaid.
Farewell! Farewell, ſigh't ſhe. Then down he lyes:
Deaths cold hand ſhuts his ſelfe-admiring eyes;
Which now eternally their gazes fix
Vpon the Waters of infernall *Styx*.
The wofull *Naiades* lament the dead;
And their clipt haire vpon their brother ſpred.
The wofull *Driades* partake their vvoes:
With both, ſad *Eccho* iounes at euery cloſe.
The funerall Pyle prepar'd, a Herſe they brought
To fetch his body; vvhich they vainely ſought.
In ſtead vvhereof a yellow flowre was found
With tufts of vvhite about the button crown'd.
This, through *Achaia* ſpred the Prophets fame;
Who vvorthily had purchas't a great name.
But, proud *Echions* ſonne, vvho did deſpiſe
The righteous Gods, derides his propheeies;
And twits *Tireſias* vvith his rauiſht ſight.
He ſhook his head, vvhich age had cloth'd in vvhite;
And ſaid, 'Twere vvell for thee, hadſt thou no eyes
To ſee the *Bachanal* ſolemnities.
The time ſhall come (vvhich I preſage is neere)
When *Semelaian Liber* vvill be here:
Whom if thou honour not vvith Temples due;
Thy Mother, and her ſiſters, ſhall imbrue
Their furious hands in thy effuſed blood;
And throwe thy ſeuered limbs about the Wood.
Twill be; thy malice cannot but rebell:
And then thou'lt ſay; The blinde did ſee too well.
His

His mouth *Penthews* ſtops. Beliefe ſucceeds
Fore-running threats: and words are ſeal'd by deeds.
Liber is come; the fields vvith clamor ſound:
They in his Orgies tread a frantick Round.
Women vvith Men, the baſe, and nobler ſort,
Together to thoſe vnknowne Rites reſort.
You ſonnes of *Mars*, you of the Dragons race
(Said he) vvhat furie doth your minds imbaſe?
Is Braſſe of ſuch a powre, vvhich drunkards beat,
Or ſound of Horns, or Magicall deceit;
That you, vvhom Trumpets clangor, horrid fight,
Nor death, vvith all his terrors, could affright;
Lowd Women, vvine-bred rage, a luſtfull crew
Of Beaſts, and Kettle-drums, ſhould thus ſubdew?
At you, graue Fathers, can I but admire!
Who brought vvith you your flying Gods from *Tyre*,
And fixt them here: now from that care ſo farre
Eſtranged, as to loſe them vvithout vvarre!
Or you, vvho of my able age appeare;
Whoſe heads ſhould helmets, & not garlands, weare!
Not leauy Iauelins, but good Swords adorne
The hands of Youth. O you, ſo nobly borne!
That Dragon's fiery fortitude indue,
Whoſe ſingle valour ſuch a number ſlue.
He in defending of his Fountayne, fell:
Doe you th'Inuaders of your fame repell.
He ſlue the ſtrong: doe you the vveake deſtroy;
And free your Country from foule infamy.
If Deſtinies decree that *Thebes* muſt fall;
May men, may vvarlike engins raze her vvall:
Let ſword and fire our famiſht lines aſſault:
Then ſhould we not be wretched through our fault;

Nor ſtriue to hide our guilt; but, Fortune blame;
And vent our pittyed ſorrows without ſhame.
Now, by a naked Boy we are put to flight;
Whom bounding ſteeds, nor glorious Arms delight;
But, haire perfum'd with myrrhe, ſoft anadems,
And purple Robes inchac't with gold and gems:
Who ſhall confeſſe (if you your aid denie)
His forged Father, and falſe Deitie.
What? had *Acriſius* vertue to withſtand
Th'Impoſtor, chaced from the *Argive* ſtrand?
And ſhall this vagabond, this forainer,
Penthæus, and the *Theban* State deterre?
Goe (ſaid he to his ſeruants) goe your way,
And drag him hither bound: preuent delay.
Him *Cadmus*, *Athamas*, and all diſſwade;
By oppoſition, more intemperate made.
Furie increaſeth, when it is with-ſtood:
And then good counſell doth more harm than good.
So haue I ſeene an vnſtopt torrent glide
With quiet waters, ſcarcely heard to chide:
But, when ſaln Trees, or Rocks, impeacht his courſe;
To ſome, and roare with vncontrolled force.
All bloody they returne. Where is, ſaid hee,
This *Bacchus*? *Bacchus* none of vs did ſee,
Reply'd they; This his miniſter we found
(Preſenting one with hands behinde him bound)
A *Lydian*, zealous in thoſe myſteries.
On whom *Penthæus* looks, with trembling eyes:
Who hardly could his puniſhment deferre.
Then, thus: Thou wretch, that others ſhalt deterre.
Declare thy Name, thy Nation, Parentage;
And why thou followeſt this new-fangled Rage.

He,

He, in whom innocency feare ore-came,
Made this reply: *Acetes* is my name:
My life I owe to the *Maonian* earth;
To none, my fortunes; borne of humble birth.
No land my Father left me to manure,
Nor Herds, nor bleating Flocks: himselfe was poore.
The tempted Fish, with hook and line he caught:
His skill was all his wealth: His skill he taught;
And said, My heire, successour to my Art,
Receiue the riches which I can impart.
He, dying, left me nothing; and yet all:
The Sea may I my patrimony call.
Yet, left I still should on those Rocks abide,
To nauigation I my time apply'd;
Obseru'd th'*Olenian* Kids, that raine portend;
The *Hyades*, who weepe when they descend;
Taygeta, and *Arcturus*; the resorts
Of seuerall windes; and harbour-giuing Ports.
For *Delos* bound, we made the *Chian* shores:
And, there arriued, with industrious Oares.
Leaping a-shore, I made the beach my bed.
When aged Night *Aurora's* blushes fled,
I rose; and bade my men fresh water bring;
Shewing the way that guided to the Spring:
Then, from a Hill obseru'd the windes accord;
My Mates I cald, and forth-with went abord.
All here, the Master's Mate *Opheltes* cryes;
And thinking he had light vpon a prize,
Along the shore a louely Boy conuay'd,
Adorned with the beautie of a Maid.
Heauy with wine and sleep, he reeled so,
That, though supported, he could hardly goe.

When I beheld his habit, gait, and feature,
I could not thinke it was a humane Creature.
Fellows, I doubt (nay, without doubt) said I,
This excellence includes a Deitie.
O, be propitious, who-so-ere thou art;
And to our industrie successe impart;
And pardon these who haue offended thus.
Then, *Dictis* said: Forbeare to pray for vs:
(Than he, none could the top saile-yard bestride
With lighter speed; nor thence more nimbly slide.
This, *Libys*, swart *Melanthus* (who the Prow
Commanded) and *Alcimedon* allow;
So *Epogus* the Boates-man, so all say;
Bewitched with the blinde desire of prey.
This ship, said I, you shall not violate
With sacriledge of so diuine a waight;
Wherein I haue most int'rest, and command;
And on the hatches their ascent with-stand.
Whereat, the desperat *Lycabas* grew wilde;
Who for a bloody murder was exil'd
From *Tuscany*. Whil'st I alone resist,
He tooke me such a buffet with his fist,
That downe I fell; and had false ouer-board,
If I (though senseless) had not caught a cord.
The wicked Company the fact approue.
Then, *Bacchus* (for, 'twas he) began to moue,
As if awaked with the noyse they made
(His wine-bound senses now discharg'd) and said:
What clamor's this? What do you: Saylers, whither
Meane you to beare me? Ah, how came I hither!
Fear not, said *Proreus*: name where thou would'st be;
And to that Harbour we will carry thee.

Then,

Then, Friends, *Lyaus* said, for *Naxos* stand:
Naxos my home; an hospitable Land.
By Seas, by all the Gods, by what auayles,
They sweare they will, and bade me hoyse-vp sayles.
Which, trim'd for *Naxos* on the Star-board side,
What do'st thou mad-man, foole? *Opheltes* cry'd.
Each fears his losse. Some whisper in mine eare:
Most say by signes, vnto the Lar-board steere.
Amaz'd: Some other hold the Helm, said I;
I'le not be tainted with your periurie.
All chafe and storme. What? said *Ethalion*,
Is all our safetie plac't in thee alone?
With that, my office he vpon him tooke;
And *Naxos* (altering her course) forsooke.
The God (as if their fraud but now out-found)
From th'vpper deck the Sea suruayed round;
Then, seem'd to crie. Sirs, this is not, said he,
That promis't shore, the Land so wisht by me.
What is my fault? What glorie in my spoyle,
If men a boy, if many one beguile?
I wept afore: but, they my teares deride;
And with laborious Oares the waues diuide.
By him I sweare (then whom none more in view)
That what I now shall vtter, is as true,
As past beliefe. The ship, in those profound
And spacefull Seas, so stuck as on drie ground.
They, vvondring, ply'd their Oares; the sayles display'd;
And striue to run her with that added aide:
When Iuy gaue their Oares a fore't restraint;
Whose creeping bands the sayles with Berryes paint.

He,

He, head-bound with a wreath of cluſtred Vines,
A Iauelin ſhook, claſpt with their leauy twines.
Stern Tigers, Linxes (ſuch vnto the eye)
And ſpotted Panthers, round about him lye.
All, ouer-boord now tumble; whether 'twere
Out of infuſed madneſſe, or for feare.
Then, *Medon* firſt with ſpiny fins grew black;
His forme depreſſed, with a compaſt back.
To whom ſaid *Lycabas*; ô more then ſtrange!
Into what vncouth Monſter wilt thou change!
As thus he ſpake, his mouth became more wide,
His noſe more hookt; ſcales arm his hardned hide.
While *Libys* tugg'd an Oare that fixed ſtands,
His hands ſhrunk vp; now finns, no longer hands.
An-other by a cable thought to hold;
But, miſt his arms He fell: the Seas infold
His maymed body: which a taile eft-ſoone
Receiues, reuerſed like the horned Moone.
They leap aloft, and ſprinkle-vp the Flood;
Now chace aboue; now vnder water ſcud;
Who like laſciuious Dancers friske about;
And gulped Seas, from their wide noſthrils, ſpout.
Of twentie Saylers, onely I remayn'd:
So many men our Complement contayn'd.
The God my minde could hardly animate,
Trembling with horror of ſo dire a Fate.
Suppreſſe, ſaid he, theſe tumults of thy feare;
And now thy courſe for ſacred *Dia* beare.
Arriued there, with his implor'd conſent,
I Orders tooke; and thus his Feaſts frequent.
Our eares are tyr'd with thy long ambages:
Which wrath, ſaid he, would by delay appeaſe.

Goe,

Goe, ſeruants, take him hence: let his forc't breath
Exſpire in grones: and torture him to death.
In ſolid priſon pent; while they prouide
Whips, Racks, and Fire, the doors flie open wide.
And of themſelues, as if diſſolu'd by charmes,
The fetters fall from his vnpinion'd armes.
Not bidding others now, *Penthaus* flings
To high *Cytharon's* ſacred top, which rings
With frantick ſongs, and ſhrill-voyc't *Bacchanals*
In *Liber's* celebrated Feſtiuals.
And as the warlike Courſer neighs and bounds,
Inflam'd with fury, when the Trumpet ſonnds:
Euen ſo their far-heard clamours ſet on fire
Penthaus, and exaſperate his ire.
In midſt of all the ſpacious Mountayne ſtood
A perſpicable Champain, fring'd with wood.
Here, firſt of all, his Mother him eſpyes
Viewing thoſe holy Rites with profane eyes.
Shee, firſt, vpon him frantickly did runne:
And firſt her eger Iauelin peare't her ſonne.
Come, ſiſters, cry'd ſhee, this is that huge Bore
Which roots our fields; whom we with wounds muſt gore.
With that, in-ruſh the ſenſe-diſtracted Crew: (preſt,
And altogether the amaz'd purſew.
Now trembl'd he: now, late-breath'd threats ſup-
Himſelfe he blames, and his offence confeſt;
Who cry'd, Helpe Aunt *Autonoë*: I bleed:
O let *Actæon's* ghoſt ſoft pitty breed!
Not knowing who *Actæon* was, ſhee lops
His right hand off: the other, *Ino* crops.
The wretch now to his Mother would haue throwne
His ſuppliant armes: but, now his armes were gone:
Yet,

Yet, lifting vp their bloody ſtumps, he ſaid,
Ah, Mother, ſee! *Agaue*, well apay'd,
Shouts at the ſight, caſts vp her neck, and ſhakes
Her ſtaring haire. In cruell hands ſhee takes
His head, yet gaſping. Iō ſing, ſaid ſhee,
Iō my Mates! this ſpoyle belongs to mee,
Not leaues, now wither'd, nipt by Autumn's froſt,
So ſoon are rauiſht from high Trees, and toſt
By ſcattering windes, as they in peeces teare
His minced lims. Th' *Iſmenians*, ſtruck with feare,
His Orgies celebrate; his prayſes ſing;
And incenſe to his holy Altars bring.

OVID's METAMORPHOSIS.

The fourth Booke.

ARGVMENT.

Derceta, *a Fiſh.* Semiramis *a Doue.*
Transforming Nais *equall fate doth proue.*
VVhite berryes Louers blood with black deſiles.
Apollo, *like* Eurynome, *beguiles*
Leucothoë, *buried quick for that offence:*
VVho, Nectar ſprinkled, ſprouts to Frankincenſe.
Grieu'd Clitië *turn'd to a Flowr, turns with the Sun.*
Daphnis, *to Stone. Sex changeth* Scytheon.
Celmus, *a Load ſtone.* Cureis, *got by ſhowres.*
Crocus, *and* Smilax *turn'd to little flowres.*
In one Hermaphrodite, *two bodies ioyne.*
Mineides, *Bats. Sad* Ino *made diuine.*
VVith Melicert. *VVho* Iuno's *fact vpbray'd,*
Or Statues, or Cadmean *Fowle are made.*
Hermione *and* Cadmus, *worne with woe,*
Proue hurtleſſe Dragons. Drops to Serpents growe.
Atlas, *a Mountayne.* Gorgon *touch't Sea-weeds*
To Corall change. From Gorgon's *blood, proceeds*
Swift Pegaſus: Cryſaor *alſo takes*
From thence his birth. Faire haires conuert to Snakes.

BVt yet, *Alcithoë, Mineïdes*
The honour'd Orgies of the God diſpleaſe.

Her

Her ſiſters ſhare in that impietie;
Who *Bacchus* for the ſonne of *Ione* denie.
And now his Prieſt proclaimes a ſolemne Feaſt;
That Dames and Maids from vſuall labour reſt;
That wrapt in skins, their haire-laces vnbound,
And dangling Treſſes with wilde Iuy crown'd,
They leauy Speares aſſume. Who propheſies
Sad haps to ſuch as his command deſpiſe.
The Matrons and new-marryed Wiues obay:
Their Webs, their vn-ſpun Wooll, aſide they lay;
Sweet odours burne; and ſing: *Lyæus*, *Bacchus*,
Niſæus, *Bromius*, *Euan*, great *Iacchus*:
Fire-got, Sonne of two Mothers, The twice-borne,
Father *Eleleus*, *Thyon* neuer ſhorne,
Lenæus, planter of life-cheering Vines,
Nyctileus: vvith all names that *Greece* aſſignes
To thee, ô *Liber*! Still doſt thou inioy
Vnwaſted Youth; eternally a Boy!
Thou'rt ſeen in heauē; whom all perfections grace:
And, vvhen vnhorn'd, thou haſt a Virgins face.
Thy conqueſts through the Orient are renown'd,
Where tawny *India* is by *Ganges* bound.
Penthæus, and *Lycurgus*, like profane,
By thee (ô greatly to be fear'd!) were ſlaine:
The *Thuſcans* drencht in Seas. Thou hold'ſt in awe
The ſpotted *Lynxes*, vvhich thy Chariot draw.
Light *Bacchanals*, and skipping *Satyrs* follow,
Whil'ſt old *Sylenus*, reeling ſtill, doth halloo;
Who weakly hangs, vpon his tardie Aſſe.
What place ſo-e're thou entreſt, ſounding braſſe,
Lowd Sack-buts, Tymbrels, the confuſed cryes
Of Youths and Women, peace the marble skyes.

Thy

Thy preſence, vve, *Iſmenides*, implore:
Come, ô come pleas'd! Thus they his Rites reſtore.
Yet, the *Minëides* at home remayne:
And with their plyed tasks his Feaſt profane:
Who either weaue, or at their diſtaffs ſpin;
And vrge their Maids to exerciſe their ſin.
One ſaid, as ſhee the twiſted thread out-drew;
While others ſport, and forged Gods purſew,
Let vs, whom better *Pallas* doth inuite,
Our vſefull labour ſeaſon with delight,
And ſtories tell by turnes; that, vvhat long yeares
Denie our eyes, may enter at our eares.
They all agree; and bade the eldeſt tell
Her ſtorie firſt. Shee paus'd; not knowing vvell
Of many vvhich to chooſe: T'inſiſt vpon
The ſad *Derceta*, of fam'd *Babylon*
(Who, as the *Paleſtines* beleeue, did take
A ſcaly forme, inhabiting a Lake)
Or of her daughter ſpeake, vvith vving'd aſcent
High-pearcht on towrs: who there her old age ſpēt:
Or of that *Näs*; vvho with charmes moſt ſtrange,
And weeds too-pow'rfull, humane ſhapes did chāge
Into mute Fiſhes, till a Fiſh ſhee grew;
Or of the Tree vvhoſe berryes chang'd their hew;
The white to black, by bloods aſperſion, growne:
This pleaſeth beſt; as being moſt vnknowne.
Who thus began; and draws the following woll
Young *Pyramus* (no Youth ſo beautifull
Through all the Eaſt) and *Thisbe* (who for faire
Might with th'immortall Goddeſſes compare)
Ioyn'd houſes, vvhere *Semiramis* inclos'd
Her ſtately towne, vvith walls of brick compos'd.

This

This neighbourhood their firſt acquaintance bred:
That, grew to loue: Loue ſought a nuptiall bed:
But Parents, who could not with-ſtand, with-ſtood
Their ioyne deſires, and like incenſed blood.
Signes onely vtter their vnwitneſt loues:
But, hidden fire the violenter proues.
A cranny in the parting wall vvas left;
By ſhrinking of the new-layd morter, cleft;
This, for ſo many Ages vndiſcry'd
(What cannot Loue finde out!) the Louers ſpy'd,
By which, their whiſpering voyces ſoftly trade,
And Paſſion's amorous embaſſie conuai'd.
On this ſide and on that, like Snailes they cleaue,
And greedily each other's breath receaue.
O enuious walls (ſaid they) who thus diuide
Whom Loue hath ioyn'd! O, giue vs way to ſlide
Into each others armes! if ſuch a bliſſe
Tranſcend our Fates, yet ſuffer vs to kiſſe!
Nor are w'ingrate: much we confeſſe we owe,
To you who this deare libertie beſtowe.
At Night they bid farewell. Their kiſſes greet
The ſenſeleſſe ſtones, with lips that could not meet.
Whē frō th'approching Morn the ſtars withdrew,
And that the Sunne had drunke the ſcorched deaw,
They at the vſuall Station meet againe;
And with ſoft murmurs mutually complaine;
At laſt, reſolue in ſilence of the Night,
To ſteale away, and free themſelues by flight;
And vvith their houſes, to forſake the Towne.
Yet, leſt they ſo might wander vp and downe,
To meete at *Ninus* tombe they both agree,
Vnder the ſhelter of a ſhady Tree.

There,

There, a high Mulbery, full of vvhite fruit,
Hard by a liuing Fountayne fixt his Root.
The Sun, that ſeem'd too ſlow, his ſteeds beſtowes
In reſtfull Seas: from Seas, wiſht Night aroſe.
Then, *Thisbe*, in the darke the doores vnbarr'd;
And, ſlipping forth, vnmiſſed by her guard,
Comes maskt to *Ninus* tomb; and in the cold
Sits vnderneath that Tree. Loue made her bold
When (lo!) a Lyoneſſe, ſmear'd with the blood
Of late-ſlaine Beeues, approcht the neighbor flood,
To quench her thirſt. Far-off, by Moon-light, ſpy'd,
Swift feare her flight into a Caue doth guide.
Flying, her mantle from her ſhoulders fell.
The fated Lioneſſe, as from the Well
Vp to the rocky Mountayne ſhee vvith-drawes,
Found it, and tore it vvith her bloody jawes.
When *Pyramus*, vvho came not forth ſo ſoone,
Perceiued by the glimpſes of the Moone
The footing of wilde Beaſts, his looke grew pale.
But, vvhen he ſpy'd her torne and bloody vaile,
One night (ſaid he) two louers ſhall deſtroy!
Shee longer life deſerued to inioy. (thee;
The guilt is mine: 'twas I (poore ſoule!) that ſlue
Who to a place ſo full of danger drew thee,
Nor came before. You Lyons, ô deſcend
From your aboads! a wretch in peeces rend,
Condemned by his ſelfe-pronounced doom:
And make your entrailes my opprobrious tomb!
But, Cowards wiſh to die. Her mantle hee
Carryes along vnto th'appointed Tree.
There hauing kiſt, and waſht it vvith his eyes;
Take from our blood, ſaid he, the double dyes.

With

With that, his body on his ſword he threw:
Which, from the reaking vvound, he dying drew.
Now, on his back, vp-ſpun the blood in ſmoke;
As vvhen a Spring-conducting pipe is broke,
The vvaters at a little breach break-out,
And hiſſing through the aëry Region ſpout.
The Mulberryes their former vvhite forſake;
And from his ſprinkling blood their crimſon take.
Now ſhe, vvho could not yet her feare remoue,
Returns, for feare to diſappoint her Loue.
Her eger ſpirit ſeeks him through her eyes;
Who longs to tell of her eſcap't ſurpriſe.
The place and figure of the Tree ſhe knew;
Yet doubts, the berryes hauing chang'd their hew.
Vncertayne; ſhe his panting lims deſcry'd,
That ſtruck the ſtayned earth; and ſtarts aſide:
Box was not paler then her changed looke:
And like the lightly breath-on Sea ſhe ſhooke.
But, vvhen ſhe knew 'twas he (now diſpoſſeſt
Of her amaze) ſhe ſhreeks, beats her ſwoln breſt,
Puls off her haire; imbraces, ſoftly reares
His hanging head, and fils his wound with teares.
Then, kiſſing his cold lips, Woe's me (ſhe ſaid)
What curſed Fate hath this diuiſion made!
O ſpeake, my *Pyramus*! ô looke on mee!
Thy deare, thy deſperate *Thisbe* calls to thee!
At *Thisbe's* name he opens his dim eyes;
And, hauing ſeen her, ſhuts them vp, and dyes.
But vvhen his emptie ſcabbard ſhe had ſpy'd,
And her known Robe; Vnhappy man! ſhe cry'd,
Theſe wounds frô loue, frô thine own hãd proceed!
Nor is my hand too vveake for ſuch a deed:

My

My loue as ſtrong. This, this ſhall courage giue
To force that life which much diſdayns to liue.
In death I'le follow thee! inſtyl'd by all,
The wretched Cauſe, and partner of thy Fall.
Whom Death (that had (alas!) alone the might
To pull thee from me!) ſhall not diſvnite.
O you, our wretched Parents (thus ſeuere
To your owne blood!) my laſt Petition heare.
Whom conſtant loue, whom death hath ioyn'd, in-
Togethier in one envi'd Sepulcher. (terre
And thou, ô Tree, whoſe branches ſhade the ſlaine,
Of both our ſlaughters beare the laſting ſtaine.
In funerall habit euer clothe your brood;
A liuing monument of our mixt blood.
This ſaid, his ſword, yet reeking, ſhe reuers't,
And with a mortall wound her boſom pearc't.
The eaſie Gods vnto her wiſh accord;
Their Parents alſo her deſire afford:
The late-white Mulberryes in black now mourne:
And vvhat the fire had left, lay in one vrne.

Here ended ſhe. Some intermiſſion made,
Leucothoë, her ſiſters ſilent, ſaid:
This Sunne, vvho all directeth vvith his light,
Weake Loue hath tam'd: his loues we now recite.
He firſt diſcouer'd the adulterie
Of *Mars* and *Venus* (nothing ſcapes his eye.)
And in diſpleaſure told to *Iuno's* ſonne
Their ſecret ſtealths, and where the deed was done.
His ſpirits faint: his hands could not ſuſtaine
The worke in hand. Forthwith, he forg'd a chaine,
With nets of braſſe, that might the eye deceaue
(Leſſe curious far the webs which Spiders weaue)

Made

Made pliant to each touch, and apt to close:
This, he about the guiltie bed bestowes.
No sooner these Adulterers were met,
Than caught in his so strangely forged net;
Who, struggling, in compeld imbracements lay.
The Iuory doores then *Vulcan* doth display,
And calls the Gods. They shamefully lay bound:
Yet one, a wanton, wisht to be so found.
The heauenly dwellers laugh. This tale was told
Through all the Round; and mirth did long vphold.
Venus, incenst, on him who this disclos'd
A memorable punishment impos'd.
And he, of late so tyrannous to Loue,
Loue's tyrannie in iust exchange doth proue,
Hyperion's sonne, what boots thy pearcing sight!
Thy feature, colour, or thy radiant light!
For thou, who earth inflamest with thy fires,
Art now inflamed with new felt desires.
Thy melting eyes alone *Leucothoë* view;
And giue to her, what to the World is dew.
Now, in the East thou hastnest thy vp-rise:
Now, slowly sett'st; euen loth to leaue the skyes.
And, while that Obiect thus exacts thy stay,
Thou addest houres vnto the Winter's day.
Oft, in thy face thy mindes disease appeares,
Affrighting all the darkned World with feares.
Not *Cynthia's* interposed Orbe doth moue
These pale aspects; this colour springs from loue.
Shee all thy thoughts ingrost: nor didst thou care
For *Clymene*, for her who *Circes* bare,
For *Rhoda*, *Clitie*, who in loue abounds,
Although despis'd, though tortur'd with two wounds,

All,

All, all were buried in *Leucothoë*,
Borne in ſweet *Saba*, of *Eurynome*.
As ſhee in beautie farre ſurpaſt all other:
So much the Daughter farre ſurpaſt the Mother.
Great *Orchamus* was Father to the Maid:
Who, ſeueuth from *Belus Priſcus*, *Perſia* ſway'd.
In low *Heſperian* Vales thoſe paſtures are
Where *Phœbus* horſes on *Ambroſia* fare.
There, tyred vvith the trauels of the day,
They renouate vvhat labour doth decay.
Now, vvhile cœleſtiall food their hunger feeds,
And Night in her alternate raigne ſucceeds;
In figure of *Eurynome*, the God
Approcht the chamber where his life aboad.
He, ſpinning by a lamp *Leucothoë* found,
With twice ſix hand-maids, who inclos'd her, roũd
Then kiſſing her (her Mother now by Art)
I haue, ſaid he, a ſecret to impart.
Maids, preſently with-draw. They all obay'd.
He, after he had cleer'd the chamber, ſaid:
The tardie Yeare I meaſure: I am he
Who ſee all Obiects, and by whom all ſee;
The World's cleere eye: by thy fair ſelfe, I ſweare,
I loue thee aboue life. Shee ſhooke for feare;
Her ſpindle and her diſtaffe from her fell:
And yet that feare became her wondrous well.
Then, his owne forme, and radiancy, he tooke.
Though with that vnexpected preſence ſtrooke;
Yet, vanquiſht by his beautie, her complaint
Shee laid-aſide, and ſuffred his conſtraint.
This, *Clitië* vext (his loue obſeru'd no meaſure)
Who, in the furie of her fell diſpleaſure,

Di-

Divulg'd the quickly-spreading infamy:
And to her father doth the fact descry:
Who sterne and sauage, shuts vp all remorse,
From her that su'd, subdewd, she said, by force;
And *Sol* to vvitnesse calls. He his dishonour
Interres aliue, and casts a Mount vpon her.
Hyperion's sonne this batters vvith his rayes.
And for her re-ascent a breach displayes.
Yet could not she aduance her heauy head:
But life, too hasty, from her body fled.
Neuer did *Phœbus* vvith such sorrow morne
Since wretched *Phaëton* the World did burne:
Yet striues he vvith his influence to beget
In her cold lims a life-reuoking heat.
But, since the Fates such great attempts withstood;
He steeps the place and body in a floud
Of fragrant Nectar: much bewailes her end:
And sighing, said; Yet shalt thou heauen ascend.
Forthwith, her body thawes into a deaw:
Which, from the moystned earth, an odour threw.
Then through the hill a shrub of Frankincense
Thrust vp his crown, & tooke his root from thence.
Though loue might *Clitie's* sorrow haue excus'd;
Sorrow, her tongue; Daye's King her bed refus'd.
She, vvith distracted passion, pines away,
Detesteth company; all night, all day,
Disrobed vvith her ruffled haire vnbound,
And vvet vvith humour, sits vpon the ground;
For nine long dayes all sustenance forbeares;
Her hunger cloyd vvith deaw, her thirst vvith tears;
Nor rose; but, riuets on the God her eyes;
And euer turnes her face to him that flyes.

As

At length, to earth her ſtupid body cleaues:
Her wan complexion turns to bloodleſſe-leaues,
Yet ſtreak't with red: her periſht lims begat
A flowre, reſembling the pale Violet;
Which, with the ſun, though rooted faſt, doth moue;
And, being changed, changeth not her loue.
Thus ſhe. This wondrous ſtory caught their eares,
To ſome the ſame impoſſible appeares:
Others, that all is poſſible, conclude,
To true-ſtyl'd Gods: but, *Bacchus* they extrude.
All whiſt, *Alcithoë*, call'd-vpon, doth run
Her ſhettle through the web; and thus begun.
T'omit the paſtorall loues, to few vnknowne,
Of young *Idæan Daphnis*; turn'd to ſtone
By that vext Nymph, vvho could not elſe aſſwage
Her iealouſie: ſuch is a louer's rage!
And *Scython* vvho his nature innouates,
Now male, now female, by alternate Fates;
With little *Celmus* turn'd to Adamant,
Who of his faith to *Ioue* might iuſtly vant;
The ſhorne *Curetes*, got by falling ſhowres,
Crocos and *Smilax*, chang'd to pretty flowres;
I ouer-paſſe; and will your eares ſurprize
With ſweet delight of vnknowne nouelties.
Then, know, how *Salmacis* infamous grew;
Whoſe too ſtrong waues all manly ſtrength vndo,
And mollifie, with their ſoule-ſoftning touch:
The cauſe vnknown; their nature known too much.
Th'*Idæan* Nymphs nurſt, in ſecure delight,
The ſonne of *Hermes* and faire *Aphrodita*
His father and his mother in his looke
You might behold: from whom, his name he tooke.

When Summers fiue he thrice had multiply'd;
Leauing the fount-full Hils of foſter *Ide*, (ſight
He wanderd through ſtrange Lãds, pleas'd with the
Of forren ſtreames; toyle leſs'ning with delight.
The *Lycian* Cities paſt, he treads the grounds
Of wealthy *Caria*, which on *Lycia* bounds:
There lighted on a Poole, ſo paſſing cleer,
That all the glittering bottom did appear;
Inuiron'd with no mariſh-louing Reeds,
Nor piked Bull-ruſhes, nor barren weeds:
But, liuing Turf vpon the border grew;
Whoſe euer-Spring no blaſting Winter knew.
A Nymph this haunts, vnpractiz'd in the chace,
To bend a Bow, or run a ſtrifefull race.
Of all the Water-Nymphs, this Nymph alone
To nimble-footed *Dian* was vnknowne,
Her ſiſters oft would ſay; Fie, *Salmacis*,
Fie lazie ſiſter, vvhat a ſloth is this!
Vpon a Quiuer, or a Iauelin ſeaze,
And vvith laborious hunting mix thine eaſe.
On Quiuer, or on Iauelin, vvould ſhe ſeaze;
Nor vvith laborious hunting mix her eaſe:
But, now in her owne Fountayne bathes her faire
And ſhapefull lims; now kembs her golden haire;
Her ſelfe oft by that liquid mirror dreſt;
There taking counſell what became her beſt:
Her body in tranſparent Robes array'd,
Now on ſoft leaues, or ſofter moſſe diſplay'd:
Oft gathers flowres; ſo, vvhen ſhe ſaw the Boy:
Whom ſeen, forthwith ſhe couets to inioy;
And yet would not approch, though big with haſte,
Till neatly trickt, till all in order plac't;

Her

Her loue-inueigling looks ſet to inſnare;
Who merited to be reputed faire.
Sweet Boy, ſaid ſhe, vvell worthy the aboad
Of bleſt cœleſtials! if thou be a God,
Then art thou *Cupid*! if of humane race,
Happy the Parents, vvhom thy perſon grace!
Thy ſiſter, if thou haſt a ſiſter, bleſt!
Thy Nurſe, much more who fed thee with her breſt!
But (ô!) no leſſe then deifi'd is ſhee
Whom mariage ſhall incorporate to thee!
If any ſuch; let me this treaſure ſteale:
If not, be't I; and our dear Nuptials ſeale.
This ſaid, ſhe held her peace. He bluſht for ſhame;
Not knowing loue: whom ſhamefac'tneſſe became.
So Apples ſhow vpon the ſunny ſide:
So Iuory, vvith rich Vermillion dy'd:
So pure a red the ſiluer Moon doth ſtaine,
When auxil'ary braſſe reſounds in vaine.
She earneſtly intreats a ſiſter's kiſſe.
And now, aduancing to imbrace her bliſſe,
He, ſtruggling, ſaid; Laſciuious Nymph, forbeare;
Or I will quit the place, and leaue you here.
Faire Stranger, timorous *Salmacis* reply'd,
'Tis freely yours; and therewith ſtept aſide:
Yet, looking back, amongſt the ſhrubby Trees
She cloſely ſculks, and crouches on her knees.
The vacant Boy, now being left alone,
Imagining he was obſeru'd by none,
Now here, now there, about the margent trips;
And, in th'alluring vvaues his ankles dips.
Caught vvith the Water's flattering temp'rature,
He ſtreight diſrobes his body; ô, how pure!

His naked beautie *Salmacis* amaz'd:
Who vvith vnſatisfied longing gaz'd. (error;
Her ſparkling eyes ſhoot flames through this ſweet
Much like the Sunne reflected by a mirror.
Now, ſhe impatiently her hope delayes; (ſtayes.
Now, burnes t'imbrace: now, halfe-madde, hardly
He ſwiftly, from the banke on which he ſtood,
Clapping his body, leaps into the flood;
And, vvith his rowing armes, ſupports his lims:
Which, through the pure waues, gliſter as he ſwims,
Like Iuory ſtatues, vvhich the life ſurpaſſe;
Or like a Lilly, in a cryſtall glaſſe.
He's mine! the Nymph exclaim'd: who all vnſtript;
And, as ſhe ſpake, into the vvater skipt,
Hanging about the neck that did reſiſt;
And, vvith a maſtring force, th'vnwilling kiſt:
Now, puts her hand beneath his ſcornfull breſt;
Now, euery vvay inuading the diſtreſt;
And wraps about the ſubiect of her luſt,
Much like a Serpent by an Eagle truſs't;
Which to his head and feet, infettered, clings,
And wreaths her taile about his ſtretcht-out wings.
So, claſping Iuy to the Oke doth grow:
And ſo the *Polypus* detaynes his foe,
But, *Atlantiades*, relentleſſe coy,
Still ſtruggles, and reſiſts her hop't-for ioy.
Inueſted with her body: foole, ſaid ſhee,
Struggle thou may'ſt; but neuer ſhalt be free.
O you, who in immortall thrones reſide,
Grant that no day may euer vs diuide!
Her wiſhes had their Gods. Euen in that ſpace
Their cleauing bodies mix: both haue one face.

As

As vvhen vve two diuided ſcions ioyne,
And ſee them grow together in one rine:
So they, by ſuch a ſtrict imbracement glew'd,
Are now but one, vvith double forme indew'd.
No longer he a boy, nor ſhe a maid;
But, neither, and yet either, might be ſaid.
Hermophroditus at himſelfe admires:
Who halfe a female from the ſpring retires,
His manly lims now ſoftned; and thus prayes,
With ſuch a voyce as neither ſex betrayes:
Swift *Hermes*, *Aphrodite*! him ô heare (beare!
Who was your ſonne! vvho both your names doth
May euery man, that in this vvater ſwims,
Returne halfe woman with infeebled lims.
His gentle parents ſigne to his requeſt;
And vvith vnknowne receits the ſpring infeſt.
Here, they conclude; yet giue their hands no reſt;
But, *Bacchus* ſlight, and ſtill profane his Feaſt.
Then, ſuddenly harſh inſtruments ſurprize
Their charged eares, not extant to their eyes.
Sweet Myrrhe and Saffron all the houſe perfume:
Their vvebs (paſt credit!) flouriſh in the loome:
The hanging vvooll to green leau'd Iuy ſpreads;
Part, into vines: the equall twiſted threads
To branches run: buds from the diſtaffe ſhoote;
And with that purple paint their bluſhing fruit.
Now, to the day ſucceeds that doubtfull light
Which neither can be called day, nor night.
The building trembles: torches of fat Pines
Appeare to burne: the roome with flaſhes ſhines,
Fill'd with fantaſticall reſemblances
Of howling beaſts, whom bloud & ſlaughter pleaſe,

The Sisters, to the smoaky roofe retire;
And, there dispersst, auoid both light and fire.
Thus, while they corners seeke, thin films extend
From lightned lims, vvith small beams inter-pend.
But, how their former shapes they did forgoe,
Concealing darknesse vvould not let them know.
Nor are these little Light-detesting things
Born-vp with feathers, but transparent wings.
Their voyce befits their bodies; small, and faint:
Wherewith they harshly vtter their complaint.
These, houses haunt, in night conceale their shame;
And of the loued Euening take their name.

All *Thebes* now feared *Bacchus* celebrates:
Whose wondrous powre his boasting Aunt relates.
She onely, of so many sisters, knew
No griefe as yet, but what from them she drew.
A happy Mother, Wife to *Athamas*,
Nurse to a God; these caus'd her to surpasse
The bounds of her felicities; and made
Vext *Ino* storm; vvho to her selfe thus said:

What? could that Strūpet's brat the form defeise
Of poore *Maonian* Saylers, drencht in Seas?
A Mother vrge to murther her owne son?
And vving the three *Minÿides* that spun?
Can I but vn-reuenged wrongs deplore?
Must that suffize? and is our powre no more?
He teacheth vvhat to doe: learne of thy Foe.
What Furie can, *Penthaus* death doth show
More then too-much. Why should not *Ino* tread
The path vvhich late her frantick sisters lead?

A steepe darke Caue, vvith deadly Ewe repleat,
Through silence leads to hell's infernall seat.

By

By this, dull *Styx* ejects a blasting fume:
Here ghosts descend, whose bodies earth inhume,
Amongst those thorns, stife Cold & Paleneſſe dwell.
The new-come ghosts nor know the way to hell;
Nor where the roomy *Stygian* Citie stands;
Or that dire Palace where black *Dis* commands.
A thousand entries to this Citie guide:
The Gates still open stand, on euery side.
And as all Riuers run into the Deep:
So all vn-houſed Soules do thither creep.
Nor are they peſtered for want of roome:
Nor can it be perceiu'd that any come.
Here Shadows wander from their bodyes pent:
Some plead: and some the Tyrants Court frequent:
Some in life-practiz'd Arts imploy their times:
Others are tortur'd for their former Crimes.
Saturnia, ſtooping from her Throne of Ayre
(Her hate, immortall) thither makes repayre.
As ſoon as ſhe had entered the gate,
The threſhold trembl'd with her ſacred waight.
Still-waking *Cerberus* the Goddeſſe dreads,
And barketh thrice at once, vvith his three heads.
She calls the Furies, Daughters to old Night;
Implacable, and hating all delight.
Before the doors of Adamant they ſit;
And there with combs their ſnaky curls vnknit
When they through gloomy darkneſſe did diſcloſe
That forme of Heauen, the Goddeſſes aroſe.
The Dungeon of the damned this is nam'd.
Here *Tityus*, for attempted Rape defam'd,
Had his vaſt body on nine Acres ſpread:
And on his heart a greedy Vulture fed,

From *Tantalus*, deceitfull vvater slips:
And catcht-at fruit auoids his touched lips.
Here *Sisyphus* eternally doth grone;
Who seeks, or forces a still-falling stone.
Ixion, turn'd vpon a restlesse vvheele,
With giddy head pursews his flying heele.
The *Belides*, whom Kinsmen's blood accuse,
For euer draw the Water vvhich they loose.
On all, *Saturnia* frowns; but, most of all
At thee *Ixion*; then, a looke lets-fall
On *Sisyphus*: And why (said shee) remaines
This brother onely in perpetuall paines;
When haughtie *Athamas*, vvhose thoughts despise
Both *Ioue* and me, abides in constant ioyes?
Then tels the cause of her approch, her hate,
And what she vvould; the fall of *Cadmus* state:
That *Athamas* the Furies vvould distract,
And vrge him to some execrable fact,
Importunately shee soliciteth,
Commands, intreats, and promist, vvith one breath.
Incenst *Tisiphone* her Tresses shakes:
And, tossing from her face the hissing Snakes,
Thus said: You need not vse long ambages:
Suppose all done alreadie, that may please:
Forsake this lothsome Kingdom, and repayre
To th'vpper vvorld's more comfortable ayre,
Well-pleas'd *Saturnia* then to heauen vvith-drew:
Whom first *Thaumantian Iris* purg'd vvith deaw.
Forthwith, *Tisiphone* her garment takes,
Dropping with blood, and girt with knotted Snakes.
About her head a bloody torch she shooke,
And swiftly those accurst aboads forsooke.

Still-

Still-ſighing Sorrow, Horror, trembling Feare,
And gaſtly Madneſſe, her aſſociats were.
The entred Palace gron'd: pale poyſon ſoyles
The poliſht doors: the frighted Sunne recoyles.
Then *Athamas* and *Ino*, ſtruck with dread
And monſtrous apparitions, ſought t'haue fled:
But, ſtern *Erinnis* their eſcape withſtands;
And, ſtretching-out her viper-graſping hands,
Shook her dark brows. The troubled Serpents hiſt:
Some, falling on her ſhoulders, there vntwiſt:
Others, vpon her vgly breſt deſcend,
Spet poyſon, and their forked tongues extend.
Two Adders from her crawling haire ſhe drew;
And thoſe at *Athamas* and *Ino* threw:
Theſe vp and down about their boſoms roule;
And with infus'd infection ſad the Soule.
No wound vpon their bodies could be found;
It was the mind that felt the deſperate vvound.
She brought, beſides, from her abhorred home,
The ſurfet of *Echidna*, vvith the ſome
Of hell-bred *Cerberus*, ſtill-wandring error,
Obliuion, miſchiefe, teares, infernall terror,
Diſtracted fury, an affection fixt
On murder; altogether ground, and mixt
With blood yet reeking; boyl'd in hollow braſſe,
And ſtird with Hemlock. While ſad *Athamas*
And *Ino* quake, ſhe pours into their breſts
The ragefull poyſon; vvhich their peace infeſts.
Her flamy torch then whisking in a round
(Whoſe circularie fire her conqueſt crown'd)
To *Pluto's* emptie regiment ſhe makes
A ſwift deſcent; and there vngirts her Snakes.

Forthwith, *Æolides* with poyſon boyles:
Iö, my Mates, he cryes, here pitch your toyles.
Here, late a Lyoneſſe by me was ſeen
With her two whelps; With that, purſues the Queen
And from her breſt *Learches* ſnatcht. The Child
Stretcht forth his little arms, and on him ſmil'd:
Whom like a ſling about his head he ſwings;
And cruelly againſt the pauement flings.
The Mother, whether with her griefe diſtraught,
Or that the poyſon on her ſenſes wrought,
Runs howling with her haire about her eares;
And in bare arms her *Melicerta* beares;
Cryes Euohè *Bacchus*! *Juno* laught, and ſaid;
Thus art thou by thy Foſter-child repay'd.
There is a Rock that ouer-looks the Mayne,
Hollow'd by fretting Surges, ſconſt from rayne;
Whoſe craggy brow to vaſter Seas extends.
This, *Ino* (fury adding ſtrength) aſcends;
Deſcending head-long, with the load ſhe beares;
And ſtrikes the ſparkling waues, that fall in teares.
Then, *Venus*, grieuing at her Neece's Fate,
Her Vncle thus intreats: O thou, whoſe State
Is next to *Ioue's*; great Ruler of the Flood;
My ſute is bold; yet, pitty thou my blood,
Now toſſed in the deep *Iö in* Seas:
And ioyne them to thy watry Deities.
Some fauour of the Sea I ſhould obtayne,
That am ingender'd of the ſomy Mayne:
Of which, the acceptable name I beare.
Neptune affords a fauourable eare;
Who what was mortall from their beings tooke;
Then gaue ro either a Maieſtick looke;

In

In all their faculties diuinely fram'd;
And her, *Leucothoë*; him, *Palemon* nam'd.
The *Theban* Ladies, who her ſteps purſew'd,
Her laſt on the firſt Promontory view'd.
Then, held for dead; with haire, and garments rent.
They beat their breſts, and *Cadmus* Houſe lament.
Of little Iuſtice, and much Crueltie,
All, *Iuno* tax. Indure (ſhee ſaid) ſhall I
Such blaſphemies? I'le make you monuments
Of my reuenge. Threats vſher their euents.
When one, of all the moſt affectionate,
Cry'd, ô my Queene, I will partake thy Fate!
And thought to leap into the roring Flood;
But could not moue: her feet faſt fixed ſtood.
Another, who her boſom meant to beat;
Perceiu'd her ſtiffned armes to loſe their heat.
By chance, her hand ſhe ſtretcheth to the Maine;
Nor could her hand, now ſtone, vnſtretch againe.
As ſhe her violated Treſſes tare,
Her fingers forthwith hardned in her haire.
Their Statues now thoſe ſeuerall geſtures beare
Wherein they formerly ſurpriſed were.
Som, Fowles became; now cald *Cadmëides*; (Seas,
Who vvith their light vvings ſweepe thoſe gulphy
Little knew *Cadmus*, that his Children raign'd
In ſacred Seas, and deathleſſe States retayn'd.
Subdew'd with woes, with tragicall euents,
That had no end, and many dire oſtents,
He leaues his Citie; as not through his owne,
But by the fortune of the place o're-throwne:
And with his wife *Hermione*, long toſt,
At length arriueth at th'*Illyrian* Coaſt.

Now

Now ſpent with griefe and age, whil'ſt they relate
Their former toyles, and Familie's firſt fate:
And was that Serpent ſacred which I ſlew
(Said he) whoſe teeth into the Earth I threw
(An vncouth ſeed) when I from *Sidon* came!
If this, the vengefull Gods ſo much inflame,
May I my belly Serpent-like extend!
His belly lengthned, ere his wiſh could end.
Tough ſcales vpon his hardned out-ſide grew;
The black, diſtinguiſhed with drops of blew.
Then, falling on his breaſt, his thighs vnite;
And in a ſpiny progreſſe ſtretcht out-right.
His armes (for armes as yet they were) he ſpreads:
And teares on cheeks, that yet were humane, ſheds.
Come, ô ſad Soule, ſaid he; thy husband touch;
Whil'ſt I am I, or part of me be ſuch.
Shake hands, while yet I haue a hand to ſhake;
Before I totally endew a Snake,
His tongue was yet in motion; when it cleft
In two, forthwith of humane ſpeech bereft.
He hiſt, when he his ſorrows ſought to vent;
The onely language now which Nature lent.
His Wife her naked boſom beats, and cryes;
Stay, *Cadmus*, and put-off theſe prodigies.
O ſtrange! where are thy feet, hãds, ſhoulders, breſt,
Thy colour, face, and (while I ſpeake) the reſt!
You Gods, why alſo am not I a Snake?
He lickt her willing lips euen as ſhe ſpake;
Into her well-knowne boſom glides; her waſte,
And yeelding neck, with louing twines imbrac't.
Amazement all the ſtanders-by poſſeſt,
While glittering combs their ſlippery heads inveſt.

Now

Now are they two: who crept, together chayn'd,
Till they the couert of the Wood attayn'd.
These gentle Dragons, knowing what they were,
Do hurt to no man, nor man's presence feare.
Yet were those sorrows by their daughters son
Much comforted, who vanquisht *India* won:
To whom th'*Achaians* Temples consecrate;
Diuinely magnifi'd through either State.
Alone *Acrisius Abantiades*,
Though of one Progenie, dissents from these:
Who, from th'*Argolian* Citie, made him flie,
And manag'd armes against a Deitie.
Nor him, nor *Perseus* he for *Ioue's* doth hold;
(Begot on *Danaë* in a showr of gold)
Yet straight repents (so preualent is truth)
Both to haue forc't the God, and doom'd the Youth.
Now is the one inthroned in the skyes:
The other through Ayr's emptie Region flyes;
And beares along the memorable spoyle
Of that new Monster, conquer'd by his toyle.
And as he o're the *Lybian* Deserts flew, (grew
The blood, that drops from *Gorgon's* head, streight
To various Serpents, quickned by the ground:
With these, those much infested Climes abound.
Hither and thither, like a cloud of rayne
Born by crosse windes, he cuts the ayrie Mayne;
Far-distant earth beholding from on high;
And ouer all the ample World doth flie:
Thrice saw *Arctwrus*, thrice to *Cancer* prest;
Oft hurried to the East, oft to the West:
And now, not trusting to approched night,
Vpon th'*Hesperian* Continent doth light:

And

And craues some rest, till *Lucifer* displayes
Aurora's blush, and shee *Apollo's* rayes.
Huge-statur'd *Atlas Iapetonides*
Here sway'd the vtmost bounds of Earth and Seas;
Where *Titan's* panting steeds his chariot steepe,
And bathe their fierie fetlocks in the Deepe.
A thousand Heards, as many Flocks, he fed
In those large Pastures, where no neighbours tread.
Here to their tree the shining branches sute;
To them, their leaues; to those, the golden fruit.
Great King, said *Perseus*, if high birth may moue
Respect in thee, behold the sonne of *Ioue*:
If admiration, then my Acts admire;
Who rest, and hospitable Rites desire.
He, mindfull of this prophecie, of old
By sacred *Themis* of *Parnassus* told;
In time thy golden fruit a prey shall proue,
O *Iaphet's* sonne, vnto the sonne of *Ioue*:
This fearing, he his Orchard had inclos'd
With solid Cliffs, that all accesse oppos'd
(The Guard whereof a monstrous Dragon held.)
And from his Land all Forainers expeld.
Be gone, said he, for feare thy glories prooue
But counterfeit, and thou no sonne to *Ioue*:
Then addes vnciuill violence to threats.
With strength, the other seconds his intreats:
In strength inferior; who so strong as he?
Since curtesie, nor any worth in me,
Vext *Perseus* said, can purchase my regard;
Yet from a guest receiue thy due reward;
With that, *Medusa's* vgly head he drew,
His owne reuersed. Forthwith, *Atlas* grew

Into

Into a Mountaine equall to the man.
His haire and beard to woods and bushes ran.
His armes and shoulders into ridges spred:
And what was his, is now the Mountaines head.
Bones turne to stones; and all his parts extrude
Into a huge prodigious altitude
(Such was the pleasure of the euer-blest)
Whereon the heauens with all their tapers rest.
Hippotades in hollow rocks did close
The strifefull Windes: Bright *Lucifer* arose
And rous'd-vp Labour: *Perseus*, hauing ty'd
His wings t'his feete, his sauchion to his side,
Sprung into aire: belowe, on either hand
Innumerable Nations left, the Land
Of *Æthiop*, and the *Cephen* fields surnay'd,
There, where the innocently-wretched maid
Was, for her mothers proud impietie,
By vniust *Ammon* sentenced to die.
Whom when the Hero's saw to hard rocks chain'd;
But that warm tears frō charged eye-springs drain'd,
And light windes gently fann'd her fluent haire,
He would haue thought her marble. Ere aware
He fire attracteth; and, astonisht by
Her beautie, had almost forgot to fly.
Who lighting, said: O faireſt of thy kinde
(More worthy of those bands which Louers binde,
Then these rude gyues) the Land by thee renown'd,
Thy name, thy birth declare; and why thus bound.
At first, the silent Virgin was afrayd
To speake to a man; and modestly had made
A visard of her hands; but, they were ty'd:
And yet abortiue teares their fountaines hide.

Still vrg'd: leſt ſhee ſhould wrong her innocence,
As if aſham'd to vtter her offence,
Her Countrie ſhe diſcouers; her owne name;
Her beautious Mother's confidence, and blame.
All yet vntold, the Waues began to rore.
Th'apparant Monſter (haſt'ning to the ſhore)
Before his breſt, the broad-ſpred Sea vp-beares.
The Virgin ſhreeks. Her Parents ſee their feares.
Both mourn; both wretched (but, ſhee iuſtly ſo)
Who bring no aid, but extaſies of woe,
With tears that ſute the time. Who take the leaue
They lothe to take; and, to her body cleaue.
You for your griefe may haue, the ſtranger ſaid,
A time too long: ſhort is the houre of aid.
If freed by me, *Ioue's* ſonne, in fruitfull gold
Begot on *Danaë* through a brazen Hold;
Who conquer'd *Gorgon* with the ſnaky haire;
And boldly glide through vn-incloſed aire:
If for your ſonne you then will me prefer;
Adde, to this worth, That, in deliuering her;
Ile trie (ſo fauour me the Powres diuine)
That ſhee, ſau'd by my valour, may be mine.
They take a Law; intreat what he doth offer:
And further for a Dowre their Kingdome proffer.
Lo; as a Gally with fore-fixed prow
(Row'd by the ſweat of ſlaues) the Sea doth plow:
Euen ſo the Monſter furroweth, with his breſt,
The foming flood; and to the necre Rock preſt;
Not farther diſtant, then a man might ſling
A way-inforcing bullet from a ſling.
Forth-with, the youthfull iſſue of rich ſhowrs,
Earth puſhing from him, to the blew skye towrs.

The furious Monſter eagerly doth chace
His ſhadow gliding on the Seas ſmooth face.
And as *Ioue's* bird, when ſhe from high ſuruayes
A Dragon basking in *Apollo's* rayes,
Deſcends vnſeen, and through his necks blew ſcales
(To ſhun his deadly teeth) her talons nailes:
So ſwiftly ſtoops high-pitcht *Inachides*
Through ſinging ayre: then, on his back doth ſeaze;
And neere his right fin ſheaths his crooked ſword
Vp to the hilts; who, deeply wounded, roar'd;
Now capers in the aire, now diues belowe
The troubled waues; now turn's vpon his foe;
Much like a chafed Bore, whom eger hounds
Haue at a bay, and terrifie with ſounds.
He, with ſwift wings, his greedy jaws auoids;
Now, with his fauchion wounds his ſcaly ſides;
Now, his ſhell-rough-caſt back; now, where the taile
Ends in a Fiſh, or parts expos'd to aſſaile.
A ſtreame mixt with his bloud the Monſter flings
From his wide throat; which wets his heauie wings:
Nor longer dares the warv Youth rely
On their ſupport. He ſees a rock hard by,
Whoſe top aboue the quiet waters ſtood;
But, vnderneath the winde-incenſed flood:
There lights; and, holding by the rocks extent,
His oft-thruſt ſword into his bowels ſent.
The ſhore rings with th'applauſe that fills the ſky.
Then, *Cepheus* and *Caſſiope*, with ioy,
Salute him for their ſon: whom now they call
The Sauiour of their Houſe and of them all.
Vp came *Andromeda*, freed from her chaines;
The cauſe, and recompence of all his paines.

Meane-

Meane-while, he waſheth his victorious hands
In cleanſing vvaues. And left the beachy Sands
Should hurt the ſnaky head, the ground he ſtrew
With leaues and twigs that vnder vvater grew:
Whereon, *Meduſa's* vgly face he layes.
The greene, vet-iuicy, and attractiue ſprayes.
From the toucht Monſter ſtiff'ning hardnes tooke;
And their owne natiue pliancy forſooke.
The Sea-Nymphs this admired vvonder trie
On other Sprigs, and in the iſſue ioy:
Who ſowe againe their Seeds vpon the Deepe.
The Corall now that propertie doth keepe;
Receiuing hardnes from felt ayre alone:
Beneath the Sea a twig, aboue a ſtone.

Forth-with, three Altars he of Turf erects,
To *Hermes*, *Ioue*, and her vvho vvarre affects.
Minerua's on the right; on the left hand
Stood *Mercurie's*: *Ioue's* in the midſt did ſtand.
To *Mercurie*, a Calfe they ſacrifice;
To *Ioue*, a Bull: a Cow, to *Pallas* dyes;
Then takes *Andromeda*, the full reward
Of ſo great vvorth; vvith Dow'r, of leſſe regard.
Now, Loue and *Hymen* vrge the Nuptiall Bed.
The ſacred Fires vvith rich perfumes are fed;
The houſe hung round with Garlands. Euery-where
Melodious Harps and Songs ſalute the eare;
Of jocond mirth the free and happy ſignes.
With Doors diſplay'd, the golden Palace ſhines.
The *Cephen* Nobles, and each ſtranger Gueſt,
Together enter to this ſumptuous Feaſt.
The Banquet done, with generous wines they cheare
Their heightned ſpirits. *Perſeus* longs to heare

Their

Their fashions, manners, and originall:
Who, by *Lyncides* is inform'd of all.
This told; he said: Now tell, ô valiant Knight,
By what felicitie of force, or sleight,
You got this purchase of the snaky haires.
Then *Abantiades* forthwith declares,
How vnder frosty *Atlas* cliffy side,
There lay a Plaine with Mountaines fortify'd;
In whose accesse the *Phorcydes* did lye;
Two sisters: both of them had but one eye:
How cunningly his hands thereon he lay'd,
As they from one another it conuay'd;
Then through blinde wastes, & rocky forrests came
To *Gorgon's* house. The way vnto the same,
Beset with formes of men and beasts, alone
By seeing of *Medusa* turn'd to stone:
Whose horrid shape securely he did eye,
In his bright target's cleere refulgency.
And how her head he from her shoulders tooke,
Ere heauy sleepe her snakes and her forsooke:
Then, told of *Pegasus*, and of his brother,
Sprung from the blood of their new slaughtred mo-
Adding the perils past in his long way; (ther;
What seas, what soyles, his eyes belowe suruay;
And to what starres his lofty pitch ascends;
Yet, long afore their expectation, ends.
One Lord among the rest would gladly knowe,
Why serpents onely on her head did growe.
Stranger, said he, since this that you require
Deserues the knowledge, take what you desire.
Her passing beautie was the onely scope
Of mens affections, and their enuied hope:

Yet

Yet was not any part of her more rare
(So say they who haue seene her) then her haire.
Whom *Neptune* in *Minerua's* Fame compreſt.
Ioue's daughter, with the *Ægis* on her breſt,
Hid her chaſte bluſhes: and due vengeance takes,
In turning of the *Gorgen's* haire to Snakes:
Who now, to make her enemies affray'd,
Beares in her ſhield the Serpents which ſhee made.

O-

OVID's METAMORPHOSIS.

The fift Booke.

ARGVMENT.

The Gorgon-*ſeene*, Cepheni *Statues growe:*
So Phineas; Prætus; Polidect, *the foe*
To Perſeus *prayſe*. *The fountayne* Hippocrene
By Horſe-hoofe rays'd. *The Muſes into Nine*
Rape-flying Birds: Piërides, *to Pyes*.
The Gods, by Typhon *chac't, themſelues diſguiſe*.
Sad Cyane *into a Fountayne flowes*.
Th'ill-nurtur'd Boy a ſpotted Stellion growes.
Lou'd Arethuſa *thawes into a Spring*.
Aſcalaphus *an Owle*. *Light feathers wing*
The ſweet-tongu'd Syrens, *who on Waters mourne*.
Stern Lyncus Ceres *to a* Lynx *doth turne*.

WHil'ſt the *Danaëan* Hero's this relates,
Amidſt the aſſembly of the *Cephen* States;
Exalted voyces through the Palace ring;
Not like to theirs who at a marriage ſing;
But ſuch as menace warre. The Nuptiall Feaſt,
Thus turn'd to tumult, to the life expreſt
A peacefull Sea, whoſe brow no frown deformes;
Streight ruffled into billows by rude ſtormes.

First

Firſt *Phineas*, the raſh Author of this vvarre,
Shaking a Lance, began the deadly iarre.
Lo, I the man, that will vpon thy life
Reuenge, ſaid he, the rapture of my vvife.
Nor ſhall thy vvings, nor *Ioue* in torged gold,
Worke thy eſcape. About to throwe: O hold!
Perplexed *Cepheus* cryes: What wilt thou do?
What Fury, frantick brother, tempts thee to
So foule a fact? Is this the recompence
Of ſuch high merits? of her life's defence?
Not *Perſeus*, but th'incens't *Nereïdes*,
But horned *Hammon*, and the vvrath of Seas
(That Ork that ſought my bowels to deuoure)
Haue ſnatcht her from thee; rauiſht in the houre
Of her expoſure. But, thy crueltie
Perhaps was well content that ſhee ſhould die,
To eaſe thy loſſe with ours. May't not ſuffize,
That ſhee was bound in chaynes before thine eyes:
That thou, her Vncle, and her Husband, brought
Her perill no preuention, nor none ſought;
But that an others aid thou muſt enuy,
And claime the Tropheys of his victory?
Which, if of ſuch eſteem, thou ſhould'ſt haue ſtrain'd
T'haue forc't them from thoſe Rocks vvhere lately (chain'd.
Let him, vvho did, enioy her: nor exact
What is his dew by merit and compact.
Nor think, vve *Perſeus* before thee prefer;
But him, before ſo abhorr'd a ſepulcher.
He, vvithout anſwer, rowling to and fro
His eyes on either, doubts at vvhich to throwe:
And pauſing, his ill-aymed lance at length
At *Perſeus* hurles, vvith rage-redoubled ſtrength.

Fixt

Fixt in the bed-ſtock; vp fierce *Perſeus* ſtarts,
And his retorted Speare at *Phineas* darts:
Who ſuddenly behinde an Altar ſtept:
An Altar vengeance from the vvicked kept;
And yet in *Rhætus* brow the vveapon ſtuck.
He fell: the ſteele out of his ſcull they pluck:
Who ſpurnes the earth, and ſtaynes the board vvith
With that, the multitude, with fury wood, (blood.
Their Lances fling: and ſome there be who crie,
That *Cepheus*, and his ſonne in law, ſhould die.
But, *Cepheus* wiſely quits the clamorous Hall;
Who Faith and Iuſtice doth to record call,
With all the hoſpitable Gods; that hee
Was from this execrable vp-rore free.
The warlike *Pallas*, preſent, with her ſhield
Protects her Brother, and his courage ſteel'd:
Young *Indian Atys* by ill hap was there;
Whom *Ganges*-got *Limniace* did beare
In her cleare Waues: his beautie excellent,
Which care and coſtly ornaments augment;
Who ſcarce had fully ſixteene Summers told:
Clad in a *Tyrian* mantle, fring'd with gold,
About his neck he wore a carquenet:
His haire with Riband bound, and odors wet.
Although he cunningly a Dart could throwe:
Yet with more cunning could he vſe his Bowe.
Which now a-drawing with a tardy hand;
Quick *Perſeus* from the Altar ſnatcht a Brand,
And daſht it on his face: out-ſtart his eyes;
And through his fleſh the ſhiuered bones ariſe.
When *Syrian Lycabas* his *Atys* view'd,
Shaking his formleſſe looks, with blood imbrew'd,

To

To him in ſtricteſt bonds of friendſhip ty'd,
And one who could not his affection hide;
After he had his tragedie bewail'd,
Who through the bitter wound his ſoule exhal'd;
He took the Bowe, which erſt the Youth did bend;
And ſaid; With me, thou Murderer contend;
Nor longer glorie in a Boye's ſad fate,
Whereby thou haſt atchieu'd leſſe prayſe then hate.
Yet ſpeaking, from the ſtring the arrow flew:
Which took his plighted robe, as he with-drew.
Æriſioniades vpon him preſt:
And ſheath'd his Harpy in his groning breſt.
Now dying, he for *Atis* looks, with eyes
That ſwim in night, and on his boſome lyes;
Then, chearfully expires his parting breath,
Reioycing to be ioyn'd to him in death.
Phorbas the *Syënit*, *Methion's* ſon,
With him the *Libyan Amphimedon*,
Eger of combate, ſlipping in the blood
That drencht the pauement, fell: his ſword withſtood
Their re-aſcent; which through the ſhort-ribs ſmote
Amphimedon, and cut the other's throte.
Yet *Perſeus* would not venture to inuade
The Halbertere *Erithius* with his blade;
But, in both hands a Goblet, high imboſt
And maſſie, tooke; which at his head he toſt:
Who vomits clotted blood; and, tumbling downe,
Knocks the hard pauement with his dying crowne.
Theu *Polydamon* (ſprung from Goddeſſe-borne
Semiramis) *Phlegyas*, the vnſhorne
Helice, *Clyas*, *Scythian Abaris*,
And braue *Lycetus* (old *Sperchejus* bliſſe)

Fell

Fell by his hand: whose feet in triumph tread
Vpon the slaughtred bodies of the dead.
But *Phineas*, fearing to confront his Foe
In close assault, far-off a dart doth throwe;
Which led by error, did on *Ida* light,
A Neuter, who in vaine forbare to fight.
He, sternly frowning, thus to *Phineas* spake:
Since you, me an vnwilling partie make,
Receiue the enemie whom you haue made;
That, by a wound, a wound may be repay'd.
About to hurle the Dart, drawne from his side,
With losse of blood he faints, and falling dy'd.
Then, great *Odytes* fell by *Clymen's* sword;
Next to the King, the greatest *Cephen* Lord.
Hypsaus slew *Protenor*; *Lyncedes*
Hypsaus. Old *Emathion* fell with these;
Who fear'd the Gods, and fauoured the right.
He, whom old age exempted from the fight,
Fights with his tongue, himselfe doth interpose,
And deeply execrates their wicked blowes.
Cromis, as he imbrac't the Altar, lopt
His shaking head; which on the Altar dropt:
Whose halfe-dead tongue yet curses; and expires
His righteous soule amidst the sacred Fires.
Then *Brotëas* and *Ammon* *Phineas* slew;
Who from one womb at once their being drew;
Inuincible with hurle-bats, could they quell
The dints of swords. Neere these *Alphytus* fell,
The Priest of *Ceres*, with a Miter crown'd;
Which to his temples a white fillet bound.
And thou *Lampetides*, whose pleasant wit,
Detesting discord, in soft peace more fit

To ſing vnto thy tunefull Lire; now preſt
With Songs to celebrate the nuptiall Feaſt;
When *Pettalus*, at him who ſtood far off
With his defenſeleſſe Harp, ſtrikes with this ſcoff:
Goe ſing the reſt vnto the Ghoſts belowe.
And pearc't his Temples with a deadly blowe.
His dying fingers warble in his fall:
And then, by chance, the Song was tragicall.
This vn-reueng'd, *Lycormas* could not brooke;
But from the door's right ſide a Leauer tooke,
And him between the head and ſhoulders knocks:
Down falls he, like a ſacrificed Ox.
Ciniphean Palates ſought to ſeaze
Vpon the left: when fierce *Marmorides*
His hand nayl'd to the door-poſt with a Speare:
Whoſe ſide ſterne *Abas* pearc't as he ſtuck there:
Nor could he fall; but, giuing vp the ghoſt,
Hung by the hand againſt the ſineared poſt.
Melanius then, of *Perſeus* partie, fell;
And *Dorilas*, whoſe riches did excell.
In *Naſamonia* none then he more great
For large Poſſeſſions, and huge hoards of Wheat.
The ſteel ſtuck in his groine, which death purſew'd:
Whom *Halcyonius* of *Baſtria* view'd
(The Author of the wound) as he did roule
His turn'd-vp eyes, and ſighed-out his ſoule.
For all thy land, ſaid he, by this diuorce
Receiue thy length: and left his bloodleſſe corſe.
The Speare, reuengefull *Abantides* drew
From his warm wound: and at the Thrower threw:
Which in the middle doth his nares diuide;
And, paſſing through, appear'd on either ſide.

Whilſt

Whil'st Fortune crown'd him, *Clitius* he confounds
And *Damus*, of one womb, with different wounds.
Through *Clitius* thighes a ready Dart he cast;
An other 'twixt the jawes of *Damus* past:
Mindesian Celadon and *Assir* slew;
His Father doubtfull, gotten on a Iew:
Echion, late well seene in things to come,
Now ouer-taken by an vnknowne doome:
Thoactus, *Phineas* Squire, his fauchion try'd:
And fell *Agyrtes*, that foule parricide.
Yet more remayn'd then were already spent:
For, all of them, to murder one, consent.
The bold Conspirators on all sides fight,
Impugning promise, merit, and his right.
The vainely-pious Father sides with th'other;
With him, the frighted Bride, and pensiue Mother;
Who fill the Court with out-cryes; by the sound
Of clashing Arms, and dying shreeches drown'd.
Bellona the polluted floore imbrews
With streams of blood, and horrid warre renews.
False *Phineus*, with a thousand, in a ring
Begirt the Hero's: who their Lances fling
As thick as Winter's haile; that blinde his sight,
Sing in his eares, and round about him light.
His guarded back he to a pillar sets;
And with vndaunted force confronts their threats,
Chaonian Molpeus preft to his left side:
The right, *Nabathean Ethamon* ply'd.
As when a Tiger, pincht with famine, heares
Two bellowing Herds within one Vale; forbeares,
Nor knowes on which to rush, as being loth
To leaue the other, and would fall on both:

So *Perſeus*, which to ſtrike, vncertayne proues;
Who daunted *Molpeus* with a wound remoues;
Contented with his flight, in that the rage
Of fierce *Ethæmon* did his force ingage:
Who at his neck vncircumſpectly ſtroke,
And his keene ſword againſt the pillar broke.
The blade from vnrelenting ſtone rebounds,
And in his throte th'vnhappy owner wounds.
Yet was not that enough to work his end:
Who fearfully doth now his arms extend
For pitty vnto *Perſeus*, all in vaine;
Who thruſt him through with his *Cyllenian* skeine.
But, when he ſaw his valour ouer-ſway'd
By multitude: I muſt, ſaid he, ſeek ayd
(Since you your ſelues compell me) from my foe.
Friends turn your backs: then, *Gorgon's* head doth ſhowe,
Some others ſeek, ſaid *Theſſalus*, to fright
With this thy Monſter; and with all his might
A deadly dart indeuoured to haue throwne;
But, in that poſture became a ſtone.
Next, *Amphix*, full of ſpirit, forward preſt,
And thruſt his ſword at bold *Lincides* breſt:
When, in the paſſe, his fingers ſtupid growe;
Nor had the power of mouing to or fro.
But *Nileus* (he who with a forged ſtile
Vanted to be the ſonne of ſeuen-fold *Nile*,
And bare ſeuen ſiluer Riuers in his ſhield,
Diſtinctly wauing through a golden field)
To *Perſeus* ſaid: Behold, from whence we ſprung!
To euer-ſilent ſhadows beare-along
This comfort of thy death, that thou didſt die
By ſuch a braue and high-borne enemie.

His

His vtterance faultred in the later clauſe:
The yet vnfiniſht ſound ſtuck in his jaws:
Who gaping ſtood as he would ſomething ſay:
And ſo had done, if words had found a way.
Theſe *Erix* blames; 'Tis your faint ſoules that dead
Your powers, ſaid he, and not the *Gorgon's* head.
Ruſh on with me, and proſtrate with deep wounds
This Youth, who thus with Magick Arms cõfounds.
Then ruſning-on, the ground his foot-ſteps ſtay'd,
Now mutely fixt; an armed Statue made.
Theſe ſufferd worthily. One, who did fight
For *Perſeus*, bold *Acontius*, at the ſight
Of *Gorgon's* ſnakes abortiue marble grew.
On whom *Aſtiages* in fury flew,
As if aliue, with his two-handed blade:
Which ſhrilly twang'd; but no inciſion made:
Who, whil'ſt he wonders, the ſame nature tooke:
And now his Statue hath a wondring looke.
It were too tedious for me to report
Their names who periſht of the vulgar ſort.
Two hundred ſcap't the fury of the fight:
Two hundred turne to ſtone at *Gorgon's* ſight.
Now *Phineas* his vniuſt commotion rews.
What ſhould he do? the ſenſeleſſe ſhapes he views
Of his knowne friends, which differing figures bore;
And doth by name their ſeuerall ayd implore.
And yet not truſting to his eyes alone,
The next he toucht; and found it to be ſtone:
Then turns aſide. And now, a Penitent
With ſuppliant hands, and arms obliquely bent,
O *Perſeus*, thine, ſaid he, thine is the day!
Remoue this Monſter. Hence, ô hence conuay

Meduſa's vgly looks, or what more ſtrange,
Which humane bodyes into marble change!
Not hate, nor thirſt of rule begot this ſtrife:
I onely fought to re-obtayne my Wife.
Thine is the plea of Merit; mine, of Time:
Yet, in contending I confeſſe my crime.
For life (ô chiefe of men!) I onely ſew:
Afford me that: the reſt I yeeld to you.
Thus, he; not daring to reuert his eyes
On him whom he intreats: who thus replyes.
Faint-hearted *Phineas*, what I can afford
(A gift of worth to ſuch a fearfull Lord)
Take courage, and perſwade thy ſelfe I will:
No wounding ſword thy blood ſhall euer ſpill.
Moreouer that I may thy wiſh preuent,
Here will I fix thy laſting monument;
That thou by her thou lou'ſt maiſt ſtill be ſeene,
And with her Spouſe's image cheare our Queene:
Then, on that ſide *Phorcynida* doth place
To which the Prince had turn'd his trembling face.
And as frô thence his eyes he would haue throwne,
His neck grew ſtiffe: his teares congeale to ſtone.
With fearfull ſuppliant looks, ſubmiſſiue hands,
And guiltie countenance, the Statue ſtands.
Victorious *Abantiades* now hyes
To his natiue Citie, with the reſcu'd prize;
There, vengeance takes on *Pratus*, and reſtor'd
His Grand-father; whoſe wrongs redreſſe implor'd.
For *Pratus* had by force of Armes expeld
His brother; and vſurped *Argos* held:
But him, nor Arms, nor Bulwarks, could protect
Againſt the ſnaky monſters grim aſpect.

Yet

Yet not the vertue of the Youth, which shone
Through so great toyle, nor sorrows vnder-gone;
With thee, ô *Polydectes*, King of small
Sea-girt *Seriphus*, could preuaile at all.
Endlesse thy wrath, thy hate inexorable;
Detracting; and condemning for a fable
Medusa's death. The moued Youth replyes:
The truth your selfe shall see: Friends, shut your eyes;
Then, represents *Medusa* to his view:
Who presently a bloodlesse Statue grew.
Thus long *Tritonia* to her brother cleaues;
Then in a hollow cloud *Seriphus* leaues
(*Scyros* and *Gyaros* on the right-hand side)
And o're the toyling Seas her course apply'd
To *Thebes*, and Virgin *Helicon*; there stay'd,
And thus vnto the learned Sisters said.
The fame of your new Fountayne, rays'd by force
Of that swift-winged *Medusean* horse,
Me hither drew, to see the wondrous Flood:
Who saw him issue from his Mother's blood.
Goddesse, *Urania* answered, what cause
So-euer you to this our Mansion draws,
You are most welcome. What you heard is true:
And from that *Pegasus* this Fountayne grew;
Then, *Pallas* to the sacred Spring conuay'd.
Shee admires the waters by the horse-hoofe made;
Suruayes their high-growne groues, coole caues, fresh bowrs,
And meadows painted with all sorts of flowrs:
Then happy stiles shee the *Maonides*,
Both for their Arts, and such aboads as these.

O heauenly Virgin, one of them reply'd,
Moſt worthy our Societie to guide,
If ſo your actiue vertue did not moue
To greater deeds; deſeruedly you approue
Our ſtudies, pleaſant ſeat, and happy ſtate,
Were we ſecure from what we chiefly hate.
But nothing is vnlawfull to the lewd.
And Maids by Nature are with feare indu'd.
The dire *Pyreneus* ſtill inuades my ſight:
Nor haue I yet recouer'd that affright.
He *Daulia*, with all *Phocis*, had obtain'd
By *Thracian* Arms; and there vniuſtly raign'd:
Bound for *Parnaſſus* Temple, vs he ſpies;
And with falſe zeale adores our Deities.
Maonides, ſaid he, (he knew vs well)
While ſad ſtars gouern, and ſhowrs fall (then fell
By chance a mightie ſhowr) voutſafe I pray
Beneath the ſhelter of my roofe to ſtay,
The Gods haue entred humble Cottages.
Vrg'd by the weather, and ſuch words as theſe,
We to his importunitie aſſent;
And yet no farther then the Lobby went.
It now held vp: the vanquiſht South-windes flie
Before the North; which purge the dusky skie.
Preſt to depart: he ſhuts the doores: prepares
To offer force: with wings we ſcape his ſnares.
He preſently the higheſt tower aſcends;
And, as he would haue flowne, his body bends:
The vvay you goe, ſaid he, vvill I purſew:
And from the battlements his body threw:
Who, falling, ſtrikes the earth with daſht-out brains:
Which, vvith his vvicked blood, he dying ſtaines.

The

The Muſe yet ſpake: when wings were heard to clat-
And from high trees ſaluting voyces chatter. (ter;
Ioue's daughter wonders, and inquires from vvhence
Thoſe voyces came, including humane ſenſe:
Not men, but nine all-imitating Pies;
Bewayling their deſerued deſtinies.
The Goddeſſe to th' admiring Goddeſſe ſaid:
They, foyl'd by vs, by vs vvere thus repay'd.
Pierus, vvho *Pellæa* held by lot,
Theſe on *Paonian Euippe* got;
Nine times ſhee on *Lucina* call'd alowd.
The fooliſh ſiſters, of their number prowd,
Through all *Æmonia* and *Achaia* came;
And thus vnciuilly their ſtrife proclaime.
Theſpiades, th' vnlearned multitude
No more vvith your vaine harmonie delude:
But cope vvith vs (if hope excite your vvill)
As many; yet vnmatcht, for voyce or skill.
Surrender you to vs, if vve excell,
Hyantian Aganip, and *Gorgon's* Well.
Th' *Emathian* Woods to ſnowy *Pæne*
Shall pay our loſſe. The Nymphs our iudges be.
A ſhame it vvas to ſtriue: more ſhame it vvere
To yeeld. The Nymphs by their own riuers ſweare;
And ſit on benches made of liuing ſtone.
Then, vn-elected, rudely ſtept forth one,
Who ſung the Giants vvarre: their fayned acts
Shee magnifies; and from the Gods detracts.
How *Typhon*, from earth's gloomy entraile, rais'd,
Struck all their powers vvith fear: vvho fled amaz'd,
Till *Ægypts* ſcorched ſoyle the vveary hides,
And vvealthy *Nile*, vvho in ſeuen chanels glides.

That thither Earth-born *Typhon* them purſu'd;
When as the Gods concealing ſhapes indu'd.
Ioue turn'd himſelfe, ſhee ſaid, into a Bull:
Whence *Libyan Hammon* hath a horned ſcull.
Bacchus a Gote, *Apollo* was a Crowe,
Phœbe a Cat, *Ioue's* wife a Cow of ſnowe:
Venus a Fiſh, a Stork did *Hermes* hide:
And ſtill her voyce vnto her Harp apply'd.
Then call they vs. But, ours perhaps to heare,
Nor leaſure ſerues you, nor is't worth your care.
Doubt not, ſaid *Pallas*, orderly repeat
Your long'd-for Verſe; and takes a ſhady ſeat.
Then ſhee: On one we did the task impoſe.
Calliope, with iuy crown'd, vp-roſe: (ſtrings;
Who with her thumbe firſt tun'd the quauering
And then this Ditty to the muſique ſings.

The gleab, with crooked plough, firſt *Ceres* rent;
Firſt gaue vs corne, a better nouriſhment;
Firſt Laws preſcrib'd: all from her bountie ſprung.
By me, the Goddeſſe *Ceres* ſhall be ſung.
Would We could Verſes, worthy her, reherſe:
For, ſhee is more then worthy of our Verſe.
Trinacria was on vvicked *Typhon* throwne;
Who vnderneath the Ilands waight doth grone;
That durſt affect the Empire of the skyes.
Oft he attempteth, but in vaine, to riſe.
Aſſonian Pelorus his right hand
Down waighs; *Pachine* on the left doth ſtand:
His legs are vnder *Lilybæus* ſpred;
And *Ætna's* baſes charge his horrid head:
Where, lying on his back, his jawes expire
Thick clowds of duſt, and vomit flakes of fire.

Oft

Oft times he ſtruggles with his load belowe:
And Towns,& Mountaynes labours to ore-throwe.
Earth quakes therwith:the King of ſhadows dreads,
For feare the ground ſhould ſplit aboue their heads,
And let-in Day to affright the trembling Ghoſts.
For this,he from his ſilent Empire poſts,
Drawne by black horſes; tracing all the Round
Of rich *Sicilia*; but, no breaches found.
Him *Erycina* from her Mount ſuruay'd
(Now feareleſſe) and,her ſonne imbracing,ſaid.
My Arms,my ſtrength,my glorie; for my ſake,
O *Cupid*, thy all-conquering weapons take;
And fix thy winged arrows in his hart
Who rules the triple world's inferior part.
The Gods,euen *Ioue* himſelfe; the God of waues;
And who illuſtrates earth,haue been thy ſlaues.
Shall Hell be free? Thine,and thy mother's Sway
Inlarge,and make the infernall Powres obay.
Yet we (ſuch is our patience!) are deſpis'd
In our owne heauen; and all our force vnpriz'd.
Seeſt thou not *Pallas*,and the Queen of Night,
Far-darting *Dian*,how my worth they ſlight?
And *Ceres* daughter will a Mayd abide,
If we permit: for,ſhee affects their pride:
But,if thou fauour our ioynt Monarchy,
Thy Vncle to the Virgin Goddeſſe tie.
Thus *Venus*. He his Quiuer doth vncloſe;
And one,out of a thouſand arrows,choſe
At her arbitriment. A ſharper head
None had; more ready,or that furer ſped:
Then bends his Bowe: the ſtring to his eare arriues,
And through the heart of *Dis* the arrow driues.

Not-

Not far remou'd from *Enna's* high-built wall,
A Lake there is, which men *Pergusa* call.
Caister's slowly gliding waters beare
Far fewer singing Swans then are heard there.
Woods crown the Lake, and clothe it round about
With leauy veils, vvhich *Phœbus* beames keep-out.
The trees create fresh ayr, th'Earth various flowres:
Where heat nor cold th'eternall Spring deuoures.
Whil'st in this groue *Proserpina* disports,
Or Violets pulls, or Lillyes of all sorts:
And while she stroue with childish care and speed
To fill her lap, and others to exceed;
Dis saw, affected, carryed her away,
Almost at once. Loue could not brooke delay.
The sad-fac't Goddesse cryes (with teare appall'd)
To her Companions; oft her Mother call'd.
And as shee tore th'adornment of her haire,
Down fell the flow'rs which in her lap shee bare.
And such was her sweet Youth's simplicitie,
That their losse also made the Virgin crie.
The Rauisher flies on swift wheeles; his horses
Excites by name, and their full speed inforces,
Shaking for haste the rust-obscured raignes
Vpon their cole-black necks, and shaggy manes.
Through Lakes, through *Palicenus*, which expires
A sulphurous breath, through earth ingêdring fires,
They passe to where *Corinthian Bacchides*
His Citie built betweene vnequall Seas.
The Land 'twixt *Arethusa* and *Cyane*
With stretch-out hornes begirts th'included Sea.
Here *Cyane*, who gaue the Lake a name,
Amongst *Sicilian* Nymphs of speciall fame,

Her

Her head aduanc't: who did the Goddeſſe knowe;
And boldly ſaid, You ſhall no farther goe,
Nor can you be vnwilling *Ceres* ſon:
What you compell, perſwaſion ſhould haue won.
If humble thiugs I may compare with great;
Anapis lou'd me: yet did he intreat;
And me, not frighted thus, eſpous'd. This ſaid,
With out-ſtretcht armes his farther paſſage ſtaid.
His wrath no longer *Pluto* could reſtraine;
But giues his terror-ſtriking ſteeds the raigne;
And with his Regall mace, through the profound
And yeelding water, cleaues the ſolid ground.
The breach to infernall *Tartarus* extends:
At whoſe darke jaws the Chariot deſcends.
But, *Cyane* the Goddeſſe Rape laments;
And her owne injur'd Spring; whoſe diſcontents
Admit no comfort. In her heart ſhee beares
Her ſilent ſorrow: now, reſolues to teares;
And with that Fountayne doth incorporate,
Whereof th'immortall Deitie but late.
Her ſoftned members thaw into a deaw:
Her nailes leſſe hard, her bones now limber grew.
The ſlendreſt parts firſt melt away: her haire,
Fine fingers, legs, and feet; that ſoone impaire,
And drop to ſtreams: then, armes, back, ſhoulders,
And boſom, into little Currents glide. (ſide,
Water, in ſtead of blood, fils her pale veines:
And nothing now, that may be graſpt, remaines.
Meane while, through all the earth, & al the Main,
The fearfull Mother ſought her childe in vaine.
Not deawy-hayr'd *Aurora*, when ſhee roſe,
Nor *Heſperus*, could witneſſe her repoſe.

Two

Two pitchy Pines at flaming *Ætna* lights;
And, restlesse, carries them through freezing Nights;
Againe, when Day the vanquisht Starres suppresst,
Her vanisht comfort seeks from East to West.
Thirsty with trauell, and no Fountayne nye,
A cottage thatcht with straw, inuites her eye:
At th'humble gate she knocks. An old wife showes
Her selfe thereat; and, seeing her, bestowes
The water so desir'd, which shee before
Had boyl'd with barly. Drinking at the doore,
A rude hard-fauour'd Boy beside her stood,
Who laught, and cald her greedy-gut. Her blood
Inflam'd with anger, what remayned shee threw
Full in his face; which forthwith speckled grew.
His armes conuert to legs: a taile withall
Spines from his changed shape: of body small,
Least he might proue too great a foe to life:
Though lesse, yet like a Lizard; th'aged wife
(That wonders, weeps, and striues to take it) shuns,
And presently into a creuise runs.
Fit to his colour they a name elect;
With sundry little stars all-ouer speckt. (through,
What Lands, what Seas, the Goddesse wandred
Were long to tell: Earth had not roome enough.
To *Sicil* shee returns: where-e're she goes,
Inquires; and came where *Cyane* now flowes.
Shee, had shee not beene changed, all had told;
Now, wants a tongue her knowledge to vnfold;
Yet, to the mother, of her daughter gaue
A sure ostent: who bore vpon a waue
Persephone's rich zone; that from her fell,
When, through the sacred Spring, she sunke to hell.

This

This ſeen, and knowne; as but then loſt, ſhee tare,
Without ſelfe-pitty, her diſ-ſheueled haire;
And with redoubled blowes her breſt inuades;
Nor knowes what Land to accuſe, yet all vpbraids;
Ingrate, vnworthy with her gifts t'abound:
Trinacria chiefly; where the ſteps ſhee found
Of her misfortunes. Therefore there ſhee brake
The furrowing plough; the Oxe and owner ſtrake
Both with one death: then, bade the fields beguile
The truſt impos'd, ſhrunk ſeed corrupts. That ſoile,
So celebrated for fertilitie,
Now barren grew; corne, in the blade doth die.
Now, too much drouth annoys; now, lodging ſhowrs:
Stars ſmirch, winds blaſt. The greedy fowle deuours
The new ſowne graine: Kintare, and Darnell tire
The fetter'd Wheat: & weeds that through it ſpire.
In *Elean* waues *Alpheus* then appear'd;
And from his dropping haire his fore-head clear'd:
O Mother of that far-ſought Maid, thou friend
To life, ſaid he; here let thy labour end:
Nor be offended with thy faithfull Land;
That blameleſſe is, nor could her Rape with-ſtand.
I, here a gueſt, not for my Country plead:
My Country *Piſa* is, in *Elis* bred;
And, as an Alien, in *Sicania* dwell:
But yet no Country pleaſeth me ſo well.
I *Arethuſa* now theſe Springs poſſeſſe:
This is my ſeat: which, courteous Goddeſſe, bleſſe.
Why I affect this place, t'*Ortygia* came
Through ſuch vaſt Seas, I ſhall impart the ſame
To your deſire; when you, more fit to heare,
Shall quit your care, and be of better cheare.

Earth

Earth giues me way: through whose darke cauerns
I here ascend; & vnknown stars behold. (roll'd,
While vnder-ground by *Styx* my waters glide,
Your sweet *Proserpina* I there espy'd.
Full sad shee was: euen then you might haue seen
Feare in her face: and yet shee is a Queen;
And yet shee in that gloomy Empire swayes;
And yet her will th'infernall King obayes.
Stone-like stood *Ceres* at this heauy newes;
And, staring, long continued in a muse.
When griefe had quickned her stupiditie,
Shee tooke her Chariot, and ascends the skie:
There, veiled all in clouds, with scattered haire,
Shee kneeles to *Iupiter*, and made this prayer.
Both for my blood and thine, ô *Ioue*, I sew.
If I be nothing gracious, yet do you
A Father to your Daughter proue: nor be
Your care the lesse because she sprung from me.
Lo, she at length is found, long sought through all
The spacious World; if you a Finding call
What more the losse assures: but if, to know
Her being, be to Finde, I haue found her so,
And yet I would the injurie remit,
So he the stolne restore. 'Twere most vnfit
That holy *Hymen* should thy daughter ioyne
To such a Thiefe; although shee were not mine.
Then *Ioue*: The pledge is mutuall, & these cares
To either equall: Yet this deede declares
Much loue, misi-called Wrong: nor should we shame
Of such a sonne, could you but thinke the same.
All wants suppose, can he be lesse then great,
And be *Ioue's* brother? What, when all compleat?
I,

I, but preferr'd by lot? Or if you burne
In endleſſe ſpleen; Let *Proſerpina* returne:
On this condition, That ſhee yet haue ta'ne
No ſuſtenance: ſo Deſtinies ordayne.
To fetch her daughter, *Ceres* poſtes in haſte:
But, Fates with-ſtood: the Maid had broke her faſt.
For, wandring in the Ort-yard, ſimply ſhee
Pluckt a Pomegranet from the ſtooping Tree;
Thence took ſeuen grains & eats them one by one:
Obſerued by *Aſcalaphus* alone;
Whom *Acheron* on *Orphne* erſt begot
In pitchy Caues: a Dame of ſpeciall note
Amongſt th'*Auernal* Nymphs. This vtter'd, ſtayd
The ſighing Queene of *Erebus*; who made
The Blab a Bird: With vvaues of *Phlegeton*
His face beſprinkles. Plume appeares thereon,
Crookt beake, and broader eyes. The ſhape he had
He loſt, forthwith in yellow feathers clad:
His head o're-ſiz'd, his long nailes talons proue:
His vvinged armes for lazineſſe ſcarce moue:
A filthy, euer ill-preſaging Fowle,
To Mortals ominous: a ſcreeching Owle.
Yet vvas the puniſhment no more then due
To his offence. But how offended you
Acheloides, that vvings and clawes diſgrace
Your goodly formes, yet keepe your Virgin-face?
Was it, you *Sirens*, that your deathleſſe Powers
Were with the Goddeſſe whē ſhe gather'd flowres?
Whō whē through al the Earth you ſought in vaine,
You vviſht for vvings to ſwim vpon the Maine,
That pathleſſe Seas might teſtifie your care.
The eaſie Gods conſented to your pray'r:

Streight,

Streigth, golden feathers on your backs appeare.
But, leſt that muſick, fram'd to inchant the eare,
And ſo great gifts of ſpeech be profan'd;
Your Virgin-lookes, and humane voyce remayn'd.
But *Ioue*, his ſiſter's diſcontent to cheare,
Between her and her Brother parts the yeare.
The Goddeſſe now in either Empire ſwayes;
Six months with *Ceres*, ſix with *Pluto* ſtayes.
Proſerpina then chang'd her minde, and looke
(Late ſuch as ſullen *Dis* could hardly brooke)
And clear'd her brows; as *Sol*, obſcur'd in ſhrowds
Of exhalations, breaks through vanquiſht clowds.
Pleas'd *Ceres* now bade *Arethuſa* tell
Her cauſe of flight: and vvhy a ſacred Well,
Th'obſequious vvaters left their murmuring:
The Goddeſſe then aboue the Cryſtall Spring
Her head aduanc't: and vvringing her green haires.
Shee thus *Alphaus* ancient loue declares.
I, of *Achaia* once a Nymph: none more
The chace affected, or t'intoyle the Bore.
By beautie though I neuer ſought for fame;
Though maſculine; of faire I bare the name.
Nor tooke I pleaſure in my prayſed face,
Which others valew as their only grace;
But, ſimple, vvas aſhamed to excell;
And thought it infamy to pleaſe too-well.
As from *Stymphalus* vvoods I made retreat
('Twas hot, and labour had increaſt the heat)
When well-nigh tyr'd, a ſilent ſtreame I found,
All eddileſſe, perſpicuous to the ground;
Through which you euery pebble might haue ſeen;
And ran, as if it had no Riuer been.

The

The Poplar, and the hoary Willow, fed
By bordring ſtreames, their gratefull ſhadow ſpred.
In this coole Riuulet my foot I dipt;
And by and by into the middle skipt,
Where, while I ſwim, and labour to and fro
A thouſand vvayes, vvith armes that ſwiftly row,
I from the bottom heard an vnknowne tongue;
And, frighted, to the hither margent ſprung.
Whither ſo faſt, ô *Arethuſa*? twice
Out cry'd *Alpheus*, vvith a hollow voice.
Vnclothed as I vvas, I ran away
(For, on the other ſide my garments lay)
The faſter followed he, the more did burne;
Who naked ſeem the readier for his turne.
As trembling Doues the eger Hawkes eſchew;
As eger Hawkes the trembling Doues purſew,
I fled, He followed. To *Orchomenon*,
Pſophis, *Cyllene*, high-brow'd *Manalon*,
Cold *Erimanthus*; and to *Elis*, I
My flight maintayned, nor could he come ny:
But, far vnable to hold out ſo long;
He, patient of much labour, and more ſtrong.
And yet o're Plaines, o're vvoody hills I fled,
And craggy Rocks, vvhere foot did neuer tread.
The Sunne vvas at our backs: before my feet
I ſaw his ſhadow; or my feare did ſee't.
How e're his ſounding ſteps, & thick drawn breath,
That fann'd my haire, affrighted me to death.
Starke tyr'd, I cry'd: Ah caught! help (ô forlorne!)
Diana helpe thy Squire, who oft haue borne
Thy Bowe and Quiuer! Mou'd at my requeſt,
With muffling clowds ſhee couer'd the diſtreſt.

The

The Riuer ſeeks me in that pitchy ſhrowd,
And ſearches round about the hollow clowd:
Twice came to vvhere *Diana* me did hide:
And twice he iö *Arethuſa* cry'd.
Then vvhat a heart had I! the Lamb ſo feares
When howling Wolues about the Fold ſhe heares!
So heartleſſe Hare, when trayling Hounds draw nye
Her ſented Forme; nor dares to moue an eye.
Nor vvent he on, in that he could not trace
My further ſteps: but guards the clowd and place.
Cold ſweats my then-beſieged lims poſſeſt:
In thin thick-falling drops my ſtrength decreaſt.
Where-ere I ſtep, ſtreames run: my haire now fell
In trickling deaw: and, ſooner then I tell
My deſtinie, into a Flood I grew,
The Riuer his beloued vvaters knew;
And, putting off th'aſſumed ſhape of man,
Reſumes his owne; and in my Current ran.
Chaſte *Delia* cleft the ground. Then, through blind
To lou'd *Ortygia* ſhe conducts my waues; (caues,
Affected for her name: vvhere firſt I take
Reuiew of day. This, *Arethuſa* ſpake.
The fertill Goddeſſe to her Chariot chaines
Her yoked Dragons, checkt with ſtubborn raignes;
Her courſe, 'twixt heauen & earth, to *Athens* bends;
And to *Triptolemus* her Chariot ſends.
Part of the ſeed ſhee gaue, ſhee bade him throw
On vntill'd earth, part on the till'd to ſow.
O're *Europe* and the *Aſian* ſoile conuay'd,
The Youth to *Scythia* turnes, where *Lincus* ſway'd.
His Court he enters. Askt vvhat way he came,
His cauſe of comming, Countrie, and his Name;

Trip-

Triptolemus men call me, he reply'd:
And in renowmed *Athens* I reſide.
No ſhip through toyling Seas me hither bare:
Nor ouer-land came I; but through the ayre.
I bring you *Ceres* gift: vvhich, ſowne in fields,
Corn-bearing crops (a better feeding) yeelds.
The barbarous King enuies it. And, that he
The Author of ſo great a good might be,
Giues entertaynment; but, vvhen ſleep oppreſt
His heauy eyes, vvith ſteele attempts his breſt.
Whom *Ceres* turns to a *Lynx*, & home-wards makes
The young *Mopſopian* driue her ſacred Snakes.
Our Chiefe concluded here her learned Layes.
The Nymphs, vvith one conſent, giue vs the Bayes,
The vanquiſht raile. To whom the Muſe: Since you
Eſteeme it nothing to deſerue the due
To your contention, but muſt adde foule words
To your ill deeds, nor this your pride affords
Our patience roome, we'll wreak it on your heads,
And tread the path vvhich Indignation leads.
The *Paons* laugh, and our ſharp threats deſpize.
About to ſcold, and with diſgracefull noyſe
To clap their hands, they ſaw the feathers ſprout
Beneath their nails, & clothe their armes through-out;
Hard nebs in one another's faces ſpie;
And now, new birds, into the Forreſt flie.
Theſe ſyluan Scoulds, as they their armes prepare
To beat their boſoms, mount, and hang in ayre:
Who yet retayne their ancient eloquence;
Full of harſh chat, and prating without ſenſe.

FINIS.